THE BYSTANDER
Vol. LXXIII.—No 953

MARCH 8, 1922

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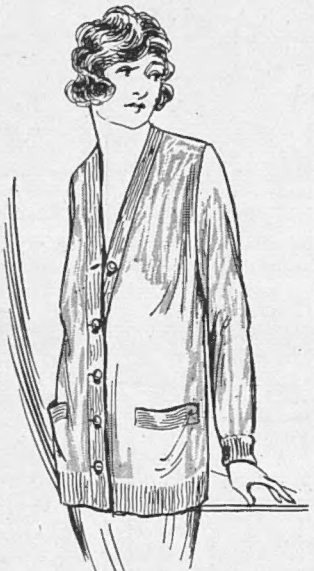
59/6



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PRICE

69/6

In crepe de Chine, unlined, **39/6**
In pure silk georgette, unlined, **49/6**
In good quality satin, unlined, **59/6**

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1922

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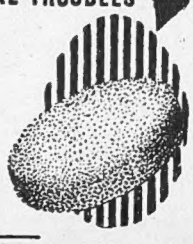

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WRITE for pattern book of Williamson and Cole's "Sunpruf" Unfadable Fabrics. The most comprehensive range of all known reliable unfadable colours. Infinite variety of textures, designs and colours.
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New Teafrock in good quality figured crepe de Chine cut chemise fashion, the skirt having side panels finished with dainty sets of frills in own material.

In Navy / White, Saxe / White, Brick / White, Red / White, Navy / Cherry, Navy / Jade, Saxe / Cherry, Nigger / Brick.

PRICE **70/-**

Sent on approval.

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Milanese Silk Underwear is extremely popular because of its excellent wearing and washing qualities. We would like to point out that, notwithstanding the advance in the price of raw silk, we are selling our famous Pure Silk Milanese Underwear at last season's prices.

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SPECIAL PRICE **15/9**

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PURE SILK MILANESE CAMI-KNICKERS to match, **29/6**

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Attractive NEW CELES SHIRT (as sketch), made to slip over the head. The collar, cuffs and small vest is of striped Celes in various shades. Size, 13 to 14½.

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OUTSIZE, 2/- extra.

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THE GRAPHIC

PRINCESS MARY WEDDING NUMBER

Beautiful Two-Colour Frontispiece
PRINCESS MARY AS A NURSE.

SOME OF THE CONTENTS:

LA BELLE ROSE ANGLAISE
Full Page Article on the Princess.

PRINCESS MARY FROM BABY TO BRIDE
A Whole Page of Pictures.

THE CHILDHOOD OF PRINCESS MARY
Intimately described by M. C. Carey (who has just written a book on the Princess), with Pictures by the Princess's Friends.

THE PRINCESS AS DIANA
A delightful article with Five Illustrations.

THE SERVICE OF THE PRINCESS
Page of Eight Photographs.

THE LASCELLES FAMILY
Interesting article and reproduction of Coat of Arms.

THE PRINCESS'S BRIDESMAIDS (Full Page)

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CAMI-KNICKER (as sketch) in pure silk crepe de Chine, dainty skirt trimmed with fine lace points falling from elastic waist, bodice finished with lace edging and hemstitched shoulder straps. In Pink, Sky, Ivory, Black, Yellow, and Mauve.

PRICE
39/6

In pure silk georgette, in Pink, Ivory, Black, Sky, Yellow, and Mauve, **49/6**

Lace Boudoir Cap, trimmed with satin ribbon bow, **21/9**

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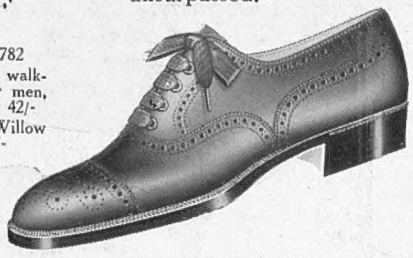

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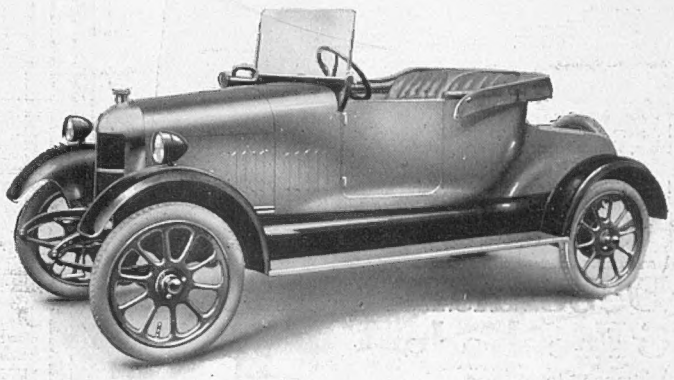

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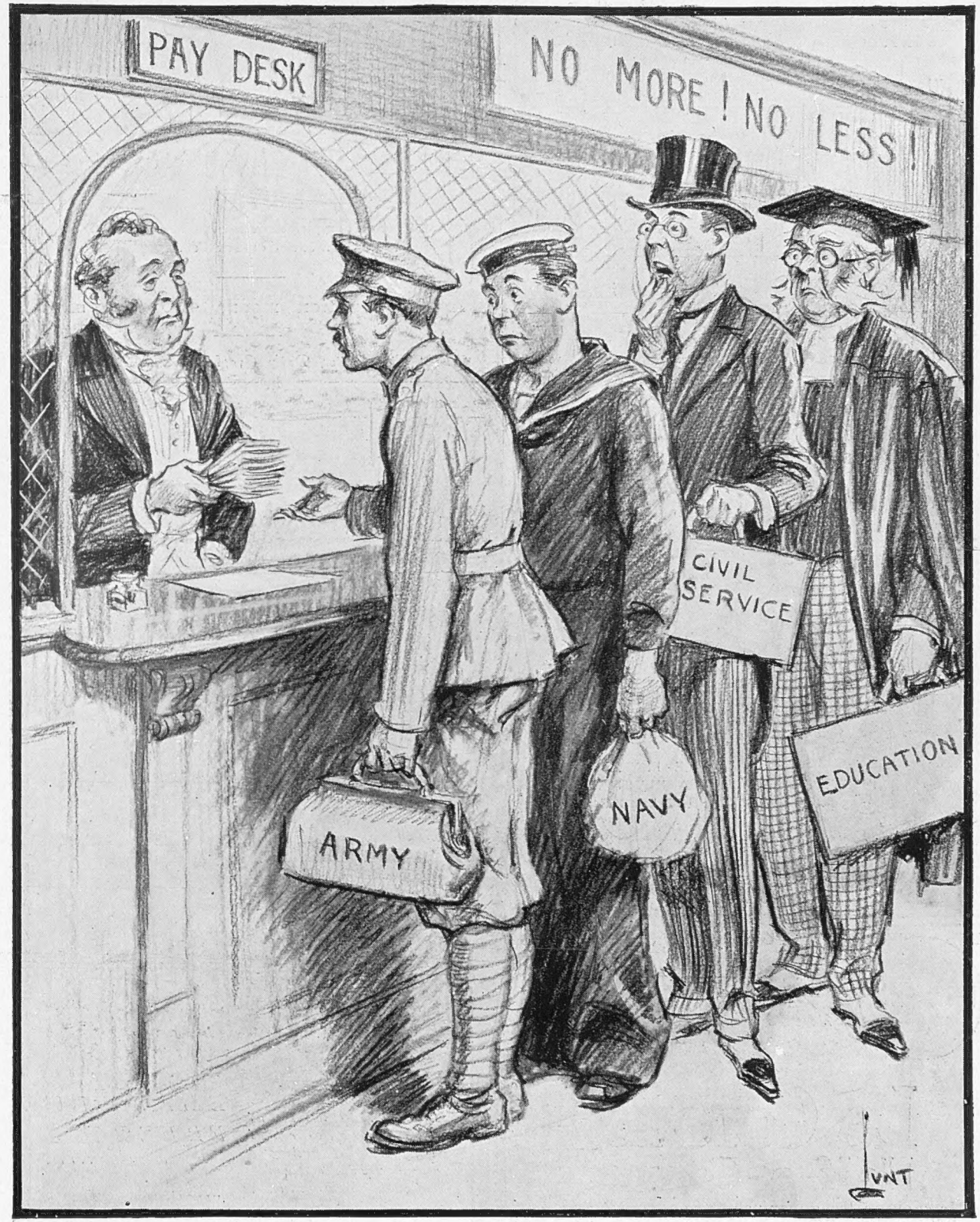
The BYSTANDER



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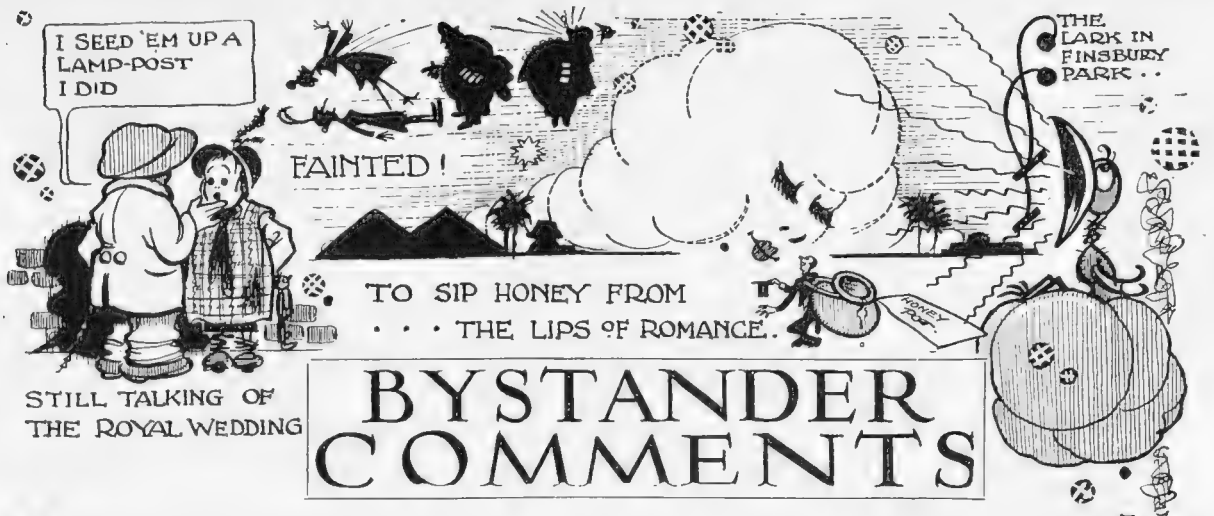


BYSTANDER COMMENTS

WE are still talking of the Royal Wedding, and the Wedding Numbers have now arrived with their budget of pictures to add fuel to the fire. An examination of these wonderful photographs reveals the surprising extent to which women participated in the pageantry of the great occasion. From the inner and outer suburbs they flocked into central London, and one found it hard to believe that there were so many women in the world. They fainted merrily, and were as happy as the day was long.

London's Playground

ANOTHER surprising feature was the way in which people filled the streets even though they made no attempt to see the tops of the Royal carriages. At the hour when things were happening at Westminster, the Strand was packed with a great holiday crowd. This, curiously enough, has always been the case on occasions of national rejoicing, for the Strand has come to be London's playground, and the astute kerbstone merchants who help the fun along are fully alive to the fact.

On "Wandering Abroad"

OUR London magistrates are sympathetic and broad-minded men who temper the wind to the not too black black sheep; and so, when a youth was charged at the North London Court with "wandering abroad," his dismissal came with no shock of surprise. "What this lad wants is adventure," said the Magistrate, "but there is difficulty in becoming a pirate nowadays." I take off my hat to this discerning man, for I, too, have longed to "wander abroad" and sip honey from the lips of romance.

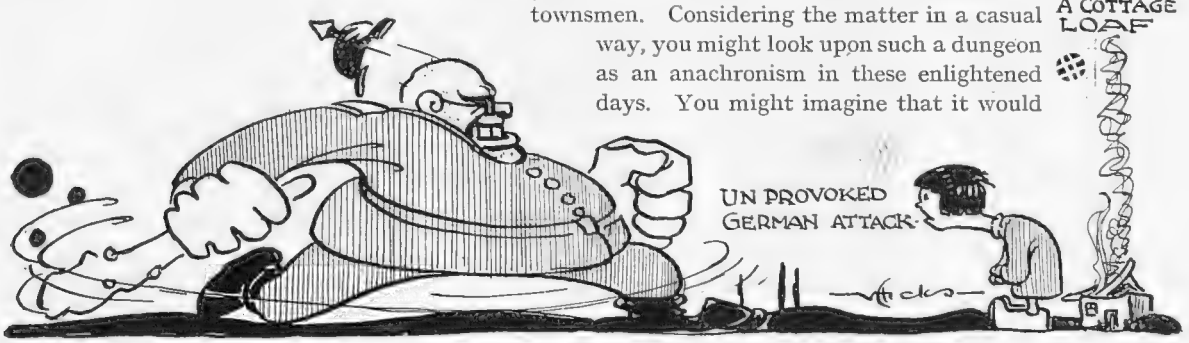
I've never been to Bethnal Green,
To Bromley or to Bow;
And Golders Green I've never seen,
It *does* intrigue me so!
If Fate is kind, the road I'll find,
One day before I die,
To where the lark in Finsbury Park
Sits singing in the sky.

Too Honest for His Job?

THE ethics of the Law defeat me utterly. I wish someone with a knowledge of the Bar would make out a list of things that are and are not "done." Is it cricket, for instance, to put the wind up a witness when you know he is trying to tell the truth? I am lured into these reflections by an article on Mr. Comyns Carr, who came so prominently into the legal limelight just lately. "He lacks," says the writer, "the overwhelming personality which can sometimes win over a jury when the evidence is unhelpful. . . . . I doubt whether he could make bricks without straw. . . . He cannot bluff." All of which, to my untutored lay mind, means that Mr. Comyns Carr is accused of being a little too honest for his job. I hope I am wrong, and I am very much open to conviction. Perhaps some clever young barrister with time on his hands will write me a letter on the subject.

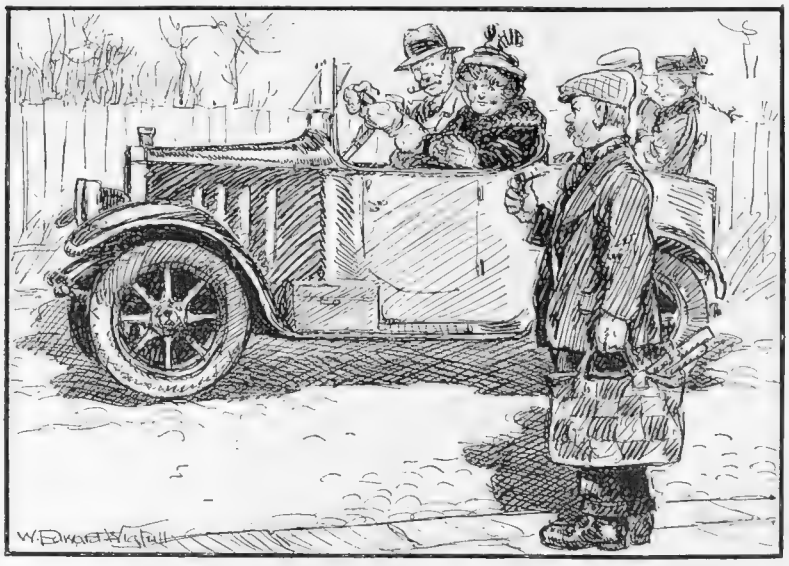
That Reigate Dungeon

SOME builders at Reigate have discovered an ancient dungeon in which former Lords of the Manor were wont to incarcerate refractory townsmen. Considering the matter in a casual way, you might look upon such a dungeon as an anachronism in these enlightened days. You might imagine that it would



BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

be filled up with town rubbish and lie forgotten for another century or so. "What's the use of a dungeon in a nice town like Reigate?" I can imagine you saying to yourself. Dear reader, you are wrong. Four guarantors have come forward to take charge of this particular dungeon. Instead of filling it up, they propose to have it swept and garnished. Can it be that these four just men have their eye on certain "refractory townsmen" of to-day? Do they propose to intern the butcher who charges too much for a chop; the baker who has exalted views on the cost of a cottage loaf and the candle-stick-maker who makes profits that are out of proportion to the pockets of the residents in Reigate? These are problems that only the future can elucidate.



POP(U)LAR POVERTY

By W. E. Wigfull

First Workman: "Hullo, Bill, had a fortune left yer?"
Second Workman: "No, lost m' job!"

The Stage Society's S.O.S.

Our Mr. "Jingle" deals so adequately with things theatrical that I am very loth to touch upon the doings of the play-house in these columns. But the Stage Society is no ordinary dramatic enterprise. Its aim is so high and its scope so wide that it has become a national possession, and anything affecting its welfare affects the community as a corporate body. Consider its record for a moment. It produced the Shaw plays—nine of them—when they were less fashionable than they are to-day. It has three plays by St. John Hankin, three by John Masefield, and three by Granville Barker to its credit. Yeats, Synge, and Symons are among the writers on its list, while we are largely indebted to its Council for our wide knowledge of Ibsen, Brieux, and Maeterlinck. It is a record of which any producing society might well be proud.

"If Those Scrips Could Only Speak!"

The Stage Society is in low water—very low water indeed. It was doubtful last week whether it would be able to complete this season's programme—a comedy by Knut Hamsun and a new play by Herbert Trench. Unless more members are forthcoming there will be no Stage Society next year. Accordingly, I step forward with two suggestions. *Imprimis*, is it unreasonable to ask those successful men who were helped over the first difficult stile of dramatic authorship by a Stage Society production to write a cheque on the Bank of Gratitude? Secondly, I suggest that every dramatic author in this country should contribute because the Stage Society produced *Six Characters in Search of an Author* in its recent programme. This comedy was a delicious satire on the way some actors manhandle the work of some authors, and a subtitle should have been "If those Scrips could only Speak!"

By D. L. Ghilchik

"Goosey, Goosey Ghandhi, whither do you wander?"

The author plies his busy pen
Inventing various types of men;
He tells them what to do and say,
And then he puts them in a play.
And, sometimes, as I chance to sit
Eating an orange in the pit,
I wonder, in my artless way,
If actors *always* make the play!

Heresy That Paid

Now that the girls have started wearing those large horn-rimmed glasses with which Mr. Balfour returned from America, I suppose they will be considered effeminate, and the vogue will pass. But they will be regretted in many quarters, for they were extraordinarily comfortable. There was a good story told at the

THE AD-VARSITY CREW; OR, DROPPING THE YOUNGER CREW By E. T. Reed

Stroke: "We'll be giving 'em our 'wash' directly, Birkie!"
No. 7 (Birkenhead): "Well! that isn't exactly how I regard *my* speeches, old man!"

time when they were so largely affected by the heads of the Civil Service. It appears that a very junior Civil Servant arrived at the office one morning wearing what had come to be considered the badge of seniority His elders were horrified at such heresy, and made tactful efforts to get him to revert to the gold-rimmed variety, but all to no purpose. Finally, as they considered the situation subversive to office discipline, they decided to promote him, and he now holds an exalted position well out of the reach of Sir Eric Geddes and his axe.

Practical Training

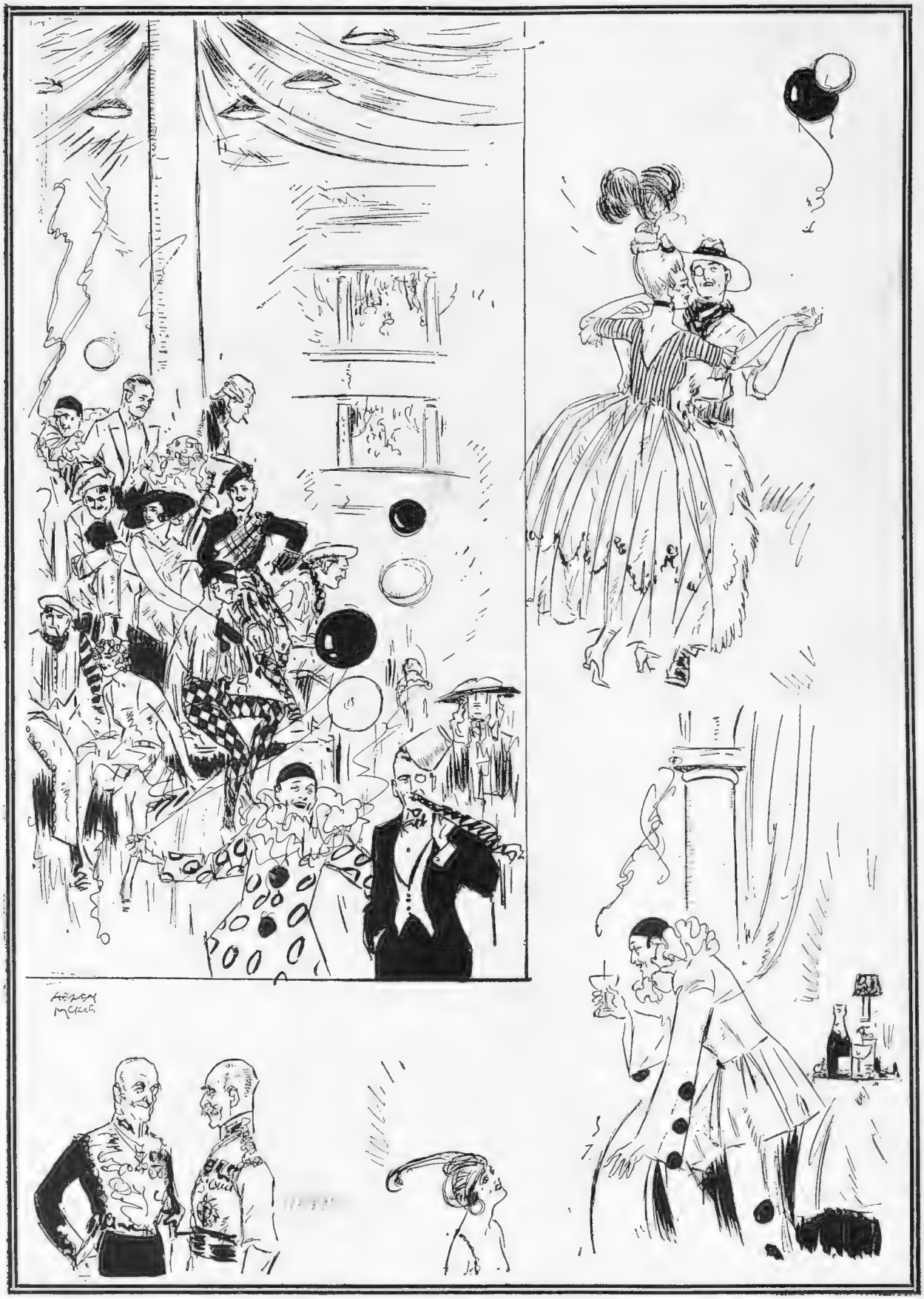
They have a novel method of training police in America. While a lecture was in progress recently there were sounds of a shot fired in the next room, and the embryo sleuths were soon hot upon the track of the imaginary criminal. The idea is excellent, and might be extended. As thus: While a cookery class was in progress there were sounds of groans in the next room, and the embryo cooks were invited to say at what stage of the *menu* the victim had come to grief. Or again: While prospective election candidates were being put through their paces sounds of dissent were heard from without. Upon which, the embryo politicians were invited to concoct convincing arguments against any reduction of the income tax:

Look closely to the matter
And you'll often find, my son,
That theory in training
May be greatly overdone.
So do not plead with scholars
That they will, or that they won't—
Just show in simple action
What will happen if they don't.

Nearly Killed by Kindness

We talk glibly of being "killed by kindness," but Sir Landon Ronald seems to have had a narrow escape from some such fate. So many personal friends and organisations wished to entertain him, that his recent break-down was rather more serious than at first appeared. The fact that a Lord Mayor can accept hospitality from year's end to year's end without any ill-effect except the loss of a button or two, proves that Sir Landon's trouble arose from the reaction of sentiment upon a highly nervous organisation and *not* from more material things, as you might suppose. Now that he is out and about again, you may be meeting him, and if you do, ask him to show you the letter he received from a Glasgow tailor shortly after his knighthood had been confirmed. It—the letter, not the knight—is priceless!

"The End of a Perfect Day"



BY HELEN McKIE

THE WEDDING BALL

It was a fitting end to the Tuesday Festival that London should dance the night through, and nowhere more than at the Albert Hall was revel so high or happiness gayer. These are some flashlight impressions by our artist

The Outstanding Incident of the Royal Wedding

Photograph *Alfieri*

PRINCESS MARY'S BOUQUET FOR THE CENOTAPH

Princess Mary handing her bouquet to Regimental Sergt.-Major Barwick, 1st Scots Guards, who placed it in position

[*At a time when any woman would be forgiven for being entirely absorbed by her own happiness a few minutes after her wedding, the Princess took a wonderful opportunity in expressing her thought for others in her action pictured above*]

WHO, WHEN & WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

A Happy Inspiration

THE most touching incident of the Royal wedding was the placing of Princess Mary's bridal bouquet upon the Cenotaph. It was one of those happy inspirations which come naturally to the Royal family, inspirations which are only dictated by the heart.

There was no hint of this gentle act of homage to our dead in the official programme, and when the bridal carriage stopped beside the Cenotaph the crowds of people on the pavements and in the Treasury windows wondered what had happened. One of the four scarlet-clad footmen standing on the dickey of the carriage leapt to the ground. Everybody wondered still more. He opened the door. A stalwart sergeant-major of the Guards stepped smartly forward and stood at the salute. The Princess held out her bouquet. Then everybody understood, and the cheering and waving of handkerchiefs ceased as suddenly as if a giant knife had fallen.

The sergeant-major, turning to the Cenotaph, placed the bouquet upon the top of the flowers lying there, the carriage-door remaining open whilst he did so. It was only closed by the footman when the sergeant-major turned and saluted. Then the cheers burst out afresh, but with a much deeper note. It was a thoughtful, gracious thing, graciously done.

An Innovation

I NOTICED one change in Royal etiquette in the wedding procession—Royal ladies waving their hands to the cheering populace. Princess Victoria waved her hand gaily all the way down Whitehall to the Abbey as Queen Alexandra, with that wonderful swaying motion for which she is famous, bowed right and left. On the return journey Princess Louise did the same, and in places where the outbursts of cheering were especially loud Princess Mary added a waving of her right hand to her incessant bowing. It was the first time I had ever seen any of the Princesses depart from the ordained bow, but it was very real and human, and the people liked it—just the note of a family ceremony in which the nation was taking part.

Concerning Royal Bows

SPEAKING of the Royal bow, Queen Alexandra, more, perhaps, than any other Royal lady in Europe, possesses the secret of its perfection. How it is achieved no one knows, but the effect upon a crowd is exactly the same as the effect of the eyes in a portrait—from whatever angle you look at the picture the eyes appear to be gazing at you.

If you are in a crowd and sufficiently near to see her face, you would vow that Queen Alexandra,

THE BRIDESMAIDS

Lady Victoria Mary Cambridge and Princess Maud and (behind) Lady Doris Gordon-Lennox and Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon

as she drove past, had bowed particularly and especially to you.

In Rome, when Queen Margherita, who also possesses this secret, used to drive through the streets in her victoria, with its blue satin cushions and her scarlet-liveried servants —by the way, the House of Savoy and our own Royal House are the only reigning families who use scarlet livery— I noticed precisely the same effect. The gracious and most graceful bow seemed always for oneself, no matter how many people might be round about.

I mentioned the striking similarity between the bows of the two Queens and their effect to one of Queen Margherita's ladies, one of her oldest and most devoted friends.

"Queen Margherita was trained to bow when she was quite a little girl," she told me. "She was taught to keep her eyes fixed on one point whilst she inclined her head slowly and gracefully. That is why all the people near the carriage think she is looking individually at them. Her head moves, but her eyes do not. It was a long and painful training for a little girl, but no Queen bows to the people with what an Italian poet once called 'that embracing grace,' except your Queen Alexandra."

What the Air-Cushion Did

QUEEN ALEXANDRA'S bow was the envy and despair of many foreign Royal ladies, and out of this envy arose a most ludicrous incident. As Princess of Wales, during the London season of the far-away non-motor days, Queen Alexandra used to drive every afternoon in Hyde Park in an open landau.

One day an attaché of the German Embassy, but newly come to London, walking with an English acquaintance in the Park as the Royal landau swept past, fell into Teutonic ecstasies over the grace and charm of the Princess's bow. He talked so much of the matter and of the fatigue the constant swaying from side to side must give the gracious lady that the Englishman grew bored, and, with no intention but of changing the subject, said, "Oh, it's quite simple, The Princess sits on an air cushion. That saves her all fatigue."

Now, the German attaché was engaged to the lady-in-waiting of a German Royal lady. That same evening a long letter was despatched to the lady-in-waiting showing her how she could for ever gain the much-to-be-prized consideration of her ever-gracious-and-always-to-be-revered Royal mistress by imparting to her the secret

Photographs

THEIR MAJESTIES THE KING AND QUEEN

of the Princess of Wales's magic bow—an air-cushion upon the seat of the Royal carriage.

The information was duly and dutifully given. It was gratefully received, for the German Royal lady was corpulent of figure and somewhat short of neck, and public appearances were a *corvée* to her. A few days later there was a big ceremonial involving a long drive in an open carriage. A large square air-cushion was placed for the Royal lady. But it had been blown up too much!

Need I say any more, except that the Royal German lady's progress through the lines of her husband's lieges was like nothing in the world but an unwilling progress on the hump of a camel and that the young attaché never realised the hope of promotion which inspired his "passing on" of the cushion information.

Vandyk

WITH THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM

THE BEST MAN—MAJOR SIR VICTOR MACKENZIE

And, next him, Lady Diana Bridgeman and Lady May Cambridge and (in front) Lady Rachel Cavendish and Lady Mary Thynne

The Passing of the Party Political

LADY ASTOR was happy in the choice of the Royal wedding evening for her party to meet Mr. Balfour. After such a big function in the day the evening falls flat and dull unless there is something really "pompy" to do. And Lady Astor's party was an unusual combination of circumstance and interest.

All the worlds were there—society, politics of every shade, literature, art, the theatre—all rather like a party in one of Disraeli's novels, except there were quite a number of people who wouldn't have been asked in his day. However, we have grown what is called more democratic since then. But, whatever the advantages of democracy may be, the rise of that institution—is that the right word?—is pressing heavily on hostesses. Now we are all democratic, and if you give a political party you have to ask hundreds where your grandmother asked twenties. Likewise, the refreshments expected by democracy are much more elaborate than your grandmother was expected to provide, not to speak of their cost being doubled.

So only the really very rich can give political parties nowadays, and even then they haven't the value of such parties of half a generation ago. There are too many people, and I think you will find that the political party and the political hostess will both gradually fade away.

Lady Astor's party, of course, doesn't come under this heading, because it was a graceful, non-party tribute to Mr. Balfour—a gathering of all the talents

Photograph GOVERNMENT HOUSE WEDDING AT MADRAS *W. Burke*

Mr. Couran-Smith with his bride, Miss Dunk, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dunk, on the Terrace of Government House, Madras. Mr. Couran-Smith is private secretary to His Excellency the Governor, Lord Willingdon

in honour of one who is the last of the old school of statesmen. But if you will take careful notice you will see how pointedly certain ladies of high degree, whose special province it is, are refraining from giving political parties.

One lady, a great social figure, and whose husband has a twin political and territorial influence, was openly asked by a political personage to give a party for the Coalition and its supporters. She enquired the approximate number. The answer was staggering.

"That would be a demonstration, not a party," she said. "Why not hire the Albert Hall, or have it in Hyde Park when the weather gets warmer?"

"Lulu" Harcourt

Those who met Lord Harcourt in his later years found it difficult to realise that for a goodly portion of his life he had been content to efface himself and be the devoted shadow of his father, the famous Sir William Vernon Harcourt. The understanding and affection between father and son were unique, certainly in politics. Parliament and the outer world gave the son the father's pet name for him—Lulu—not in the derision or belittlement which such a name might imply, but in kindliness and affection.

Myself, I have always thought we lost a great Ambassador because of Lord Harcourt's devotion to his father. His tact, his urbanity, his knowledge of the world, and his mastery of affairs would have more greatly served his country in diplomacy than as secretary and devoted son to a clever father. In his heart Lord Harcourt never liked public life. He much preferred his garden. But he had a strong sense of duty, and "did his job."

No greater contrast ever existed between father and son. Sir William, obese and rather untidy; Lulu Harcourt, slim and always *tiré à quatre épingles*. Sir William had a tongue like a rapier; his son had the honey that turneth away wrath. But for his tongue Sir William Harcourt would undoubtedly have been Prime Minister. He never got over the disappointment. Lulu Harcourt would have hated it, but he would, nevertheless, have been an ideal private secretary to a Premier.

Photograph A MARCH BRIDE *Bassano*

Miss V. A. Wingate, the daughter of Sir Reginald and Lady Wingate, whose marriage took place on Tuesday to Captain Henry Dane, Indian Army, the younger son of Sir Louis and Lady Dane

An Attractive Issue

Of all the Royal Wedding Numbers that of *The Graphic* was assuredly one of the most remarkable. It worthily sustains the best traditions of that journal. An attractive coloured cover, with portraits of Princess Mary and Viscount Lascelles lead one to form high expectations as to the contents, and, happily, these expectations were abundantly realised. The Wedding in the Abbey itself, the Royal processions, the scenes in the streets and at the Palace, were dealt with pictorially in great detail, special features being a striking double page drawing by Mr. Balliol Salmon, and a brilliant description by Mr. Hannen Swaffer of the actual ceremony.

Official Photograph

THE CEREMONY IN THE ABBEY

An unique photograph of the historic scene in the Sanctuary of Westminster Abbey as Viscount Lascelles and Princess Mary, after being declared man and wife, listened to the address of the Archbishop of Canterbury. Seated towards the right are the King and Queen, with Queen Alexandra, the Duke of York and the Princess Royal, immediately behind whom are Princess Louise Duchess of Argyll, Don Jaime, Princess Alice Countess of Athlone, Princess Helena Victoria, and other distinguished guests

Gay Carnival at Nice

GRINNING GARGOYLES

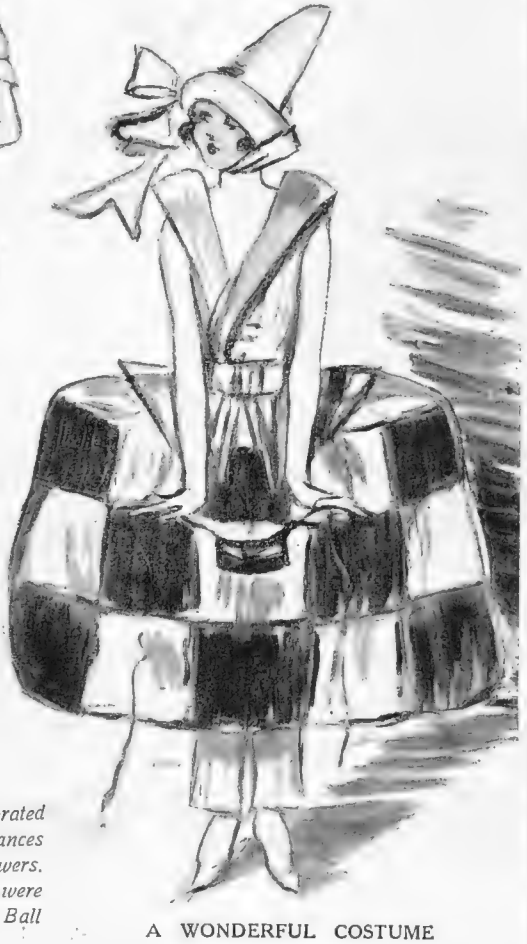
KING CARNIVAL AND HIS SATELLITES

A MERRY TRIO

CONFETTI

FEATHERS

Revels on the Riviera

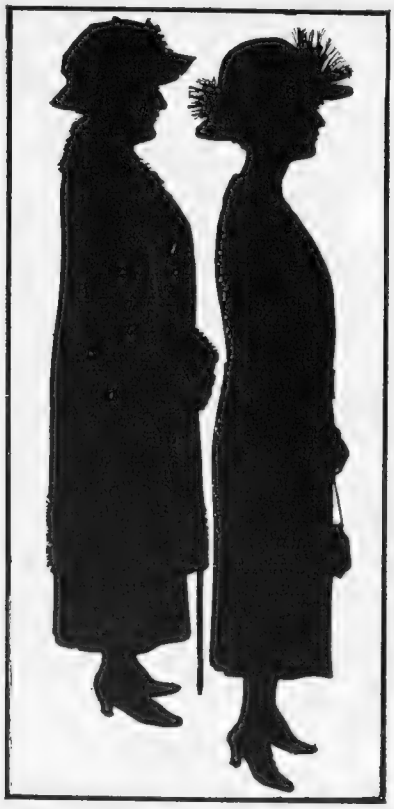


A WONDERFUL COSTUME

Carnival has been gaily celebrated on the Riviera with gala dances and the usual warfare of flowers. The two lower costumes were prize winners at the Travesti Ball

SKETCHES BY ROSE LE QUESNE

The Riviera Week by Week by Dunce-Scotus

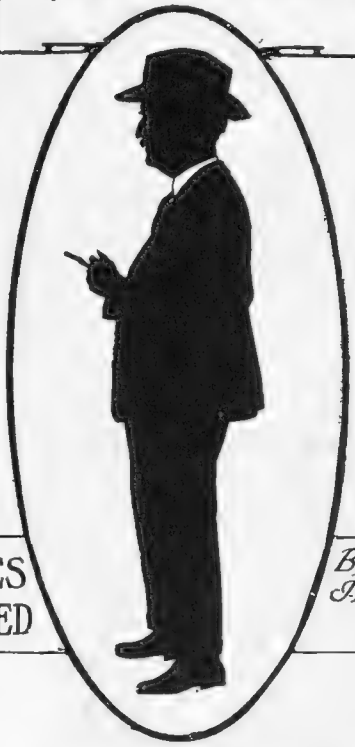


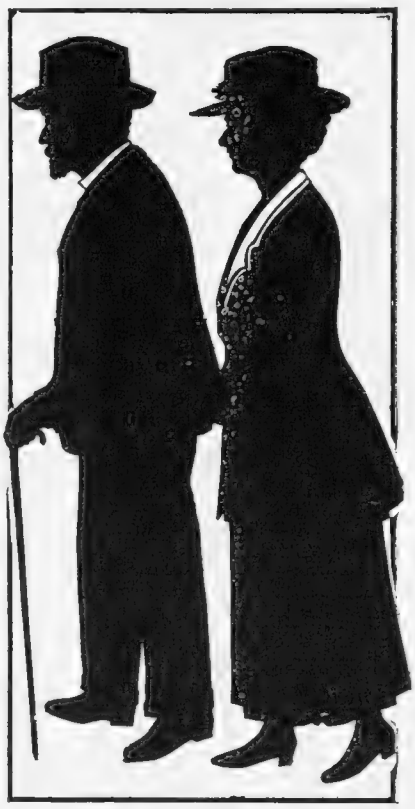
THE HON. MRS. VICTOR BETHEL

And the Hon. Mrs. Marion Crawford at Monte Carlo, where Mrs. Bethel lives for six months of the year. Mrs. Marion Crawford, whose husband is a son of the novelist, lives in the Villa "La Reve"

CELEBRITIES SILHOUETTED

By Our Special Artist at Monte Carlo
H. L. OAKLEY





REAR-ADMIRAL SIR SYDNEY EARDLEY-WILMOT

And Lady Eardley-Wilmot, who are regular visitors to the Riviera during the winter months. They have also a charming place at Marlow, on the Thames, The Old Malt House

SIR GEORGE COLTHURST

Who lives most of the year at his seat in Inniscarra, Co. Cork, is now on the Riviera

All the big hotels are now full and there are more than enough sun worshippers to fill all the famous lunching and dining restaurants on the Riviera. The huge Salle Empire of the Hotel de Paris is itself again, delighting perhaps the richest and most cosmopolitan crowds in Europe. M. Gunsbourg is at last producing opera worthy of Monte Carlo. For the French fête the novelties in the shape of story and music of the times of Solomon and Confucius were really interesting and charming, especially the Chinese legend. The third novelty—a sort of *tableau vivant* of a picture by Alma Tadema of Venus and her attendants was pleasing, if not so thrilling as the others. The "Song of Songs" (said to be by Solomon) music was agreeably disappointing. Many who had come to scoff were delighted by the melody, which had a charm and distinction all its own. *Lohengrin*, conducted by Maître Léon Jehin, has been a real success with a very fine and even cast of high-class singers and actors: Elsa, Madame Yvonne Gall; Ortrude, Mme. Alice Daumas; Lohengrin, M. Franz; Le Telramond, M. Lanteri; the King, M. Vallier; the herald, M. Barraw. The audience was most enthusiastic and distinguished, including many of the Admirals and officers of the warships scattered along the coast. Madame Sarah Bernhardt is having a great reception everywhere along the coast. Here she stayed at the Hotel Metropole. We are mourning the sudden death of M. Chalmin—for many years a stalwart of the famous opera. Recall him as Bartholo in the *Barber of Seville*, as Sancho in *Don Quixotte*, as Schaunard in *La Vie de Bohême*, and you love his memory.

As Wednesday (February 22) was hopelessly wet, the fireworks and Venetian fête came off on Thursday night instead, which divided attractions better, as there was a great costume ball at the Casino on Wednesday night, and gala dinners and dances everywhere. At Orestes there was a special *chef* and menu for the American Washington fête. At the Carlton various extra dances and novelties.

Photograph WATCHING THE BEAULIEU TOURNAMENT *E. Navello*

A group watching the finals of the Beaulieu lawn tennis tournament, where some exciting games marked the finish, Miss Ryan, as usual, securing several honours. From left to right: Miss Forbes-Robertson, Admiral the Hon. and Mrs. Victor Stanley, the Duke of Connaught, Mme. Iznaga, Vicomtesse de Breteuil, Mme. Balsan (ex-Duchess of Marlborough), Lady Essex and Lord Blandford

Photograph *E. Navello*

EXAMINING THE SCORE

Lady Joan Capel, Lord Blandford, and Mr. Wooley at the Beaulieu Tournament

The dinner there was very good, and crowds came on there for supper from the Casino ball and elsewhere, so the show of fancy dresses was worth seeing. Samya is a lovely girl, and she and her partner, Donald Sawyer, dance divinely together. She rather affects long skirts and their graceful movements *à la* Kate Vaughan, and she succeeds in dancing most artistically. A girl of about ten dances delightfully there, too, with such *joie de danse*, and effortless ease that the steps of the old-fashioned ballet seem electrified. From the gallery round fishing rods dangled bottles of champagne for the eager trout to leap at. It was very well done and most amusing. One of the American naval men—a Captain Pence—was in great form, and rose more successfully than we — ignorant of Prohibition—could hope to do. There were many large parties from Menton, Nice, etc., there on Wednesday, and many noted Americans with their handy men as very breezy guests. The lighting and the airing are admirable. The band is not too loud and plays really pretty dance music at times, which is rare nowadays. The fun was fast and furious when I left at 2 o'clock, and the 10,000 franc prize was afterwards voted to M. Diego Vincenti for his costume *danse* as the "Roi de l'Or."

Photograph *E. Navello*

LORD CHARLES HOPE

And Mr. Wertheim, the well-known Australian player, going to their court to play the semi-final of the men's Singles in the Beaulieu Tournament. Mr. Wertheim defeated Lord Charles Hope by two sets to one, the latter putting up a very good fight

THE perpetual salutes which have to be fired on the arrival of distinguished guests on the flagships are a nuisance and a scandal. On the ship where I was lunching sixteen guns were fired in honour of two French Generals arriving. The cost was £80, and it is expected that £25,000 will shortly be expended in this imbecile fashion in the Mediterranean alone this season. Why not sound some charming "Trompettes de St. Hubert" instead?

M. SAMAZEUILTH, from Bordeaux, who is ranked second in France, has entered for all the Monte Carlo tennis championships, which began on February 27, and will make a strong bid for France with M. A. Gerbault as his partner. If Mlle. Lenglen were only fit to play he would probably win all the three open events for France. It will be a great meeting, anyway, even if Señor Alonzo, of Spain, does not enter. Mlle. Speranza, one of the best French lady players, has also entered.

THE Triennial International Pigeon Shoot for twenty-six birds at 27 metres was quite as exciting as the Grand Prix, and a longer test of shooting. M. Maton eventually won for France with twenty-four kills out of twenty-six, and the birds were very lively. He won 20,000 francs and a medal. Baron de Vinck (Belgian) and Signor H. Grasselli, a famous Italian shot, were second with twenty-three out of twenty-six, and shared 9,560 francs. D.-S.

Photograph *De'Ath and Condon*

THE ASHFORD VALLEY HOUNDS

Who recently met at Harborne House, the beautiful residence of Mr. C. P. Voltos, who is a keen supporter of the hunt

BY NORMAN KEENE

WEDDING BELLES

London Clubs

BY WILTON WILLIAMS

No. IV.—"THE ARMY AND NAVY"

THE NEW TERROR: "THE ANONYMOUS BOX OF CHOCOLATES". By Harry Woolley

Dramatic Disclosures

BY HORACE WYNDHAM

THE Vice-Chancellor of Oxford has forbidden members of the University to attend the Grand Guignol plays at the local theatre.

Arising out of this prohibition, next week's *Balliol Bits* (with which is incorporated *Magdalen Mercury*) will (or will not) have the following:

VICE-CHANCELLOR'S COURT

SENSATIONAL TRIAL!

EXTRAORDINARY EVIDENCE!

REMARKABLE SCENES!

On the 1st inst. four undergraduates, Lord Percy Plantagenet (Brazenose), Hon. Ferdinand Fitz-Doodle (Merton), Sir Hector Hotstuff, Bart. (Keble), and Mr. Cuthbert Bilge (Oriel), appeared before the Vice-Chancellor's Court. The charge against them was committing a breach of the University statutes, in that they attended an unauthorised theatrical performance. The case excited much interest, and the court was crowded.

The defendants pleaded not guilty, and alternatively that, as the play in question was given out of doors, they had not entered a theatre.

This technical objection having been overruled, Mr. Spottem (New College) gave the following evidence:

I am a Proctor of the University. About 3.30 p.m. on the 15th ult. I saw the defendants witnessing a dramatic entertainment in a public thoroughfare. I took their names and addresses.

VICE-CHANCELLOR: Did they give them correctly?

MR. SPOTTEM: I believe not. Anyway, they informed me that they were the Prince of Wales, Sir Hall Caine, Mr. Lloyd George, and Mr. Michael Collins.

VICE-CHANCELLOR: What was the nature of the performance?

MR. SPOTTEM: It was, I regret to say, of a most immoral description, and one, moreover, attacking the roots of family life and reverence for properly constituted authority, and altogether instinct with unrest and social disorder. The leading character committed an entirely unprovoked assault on his wife, deliberately killed a helpless infant, and also brutally murdered a policeman who was attempting to take him into custody. (*Sensation.*)

VICE-CHANCELLOR: How did the audience express their disapproval of this outrage?

MR. SPOTTEM: They were absolutely callous. Several of them even laughed. (*Groans, and loud cries of "Shame!"*).

VICE-CHANCELLOR: Deplorable. Of what class was the majority of the audience composed?

MR. SPOTTEM: Women and children, I blush to say.

VICE-CHANCELLOR: And I blush to hear it. What did you do next?

MR. SPOTTEM: I demanded to see the manager. His name was Bert Blotto. When I remonstrated with him about the shocking nature of the piece, he said it had been given for many years without complaint, and was considered specially suitable for young children. (*Tremendous sensation!*)

VICE-CHANCELLOR: Did you secure the names of any of the actors and actresses?

MR. SPOTTEM: Unfortunately, this was impossible, as there were no programmes or posters exhibited. The author, too, was anonymous.

This closed the case for the prosecution.

The Vice-Chancellor then addressed the defendants, who appeared to feel their position keenly. His speech, delivered with considerable emotion, was as follows:

I do not think it necessary to enlarge upon this distressing case. It is abundantly clear that the truly terrible work so movingly pictured by Mr. Spottem is one of unbridled depravity and of a description that saps the whole fabric of the Empire. I have recently forbidden the performance here of a series of Grand Guignol plays; but this one appears to be still more voluptuous, objectionable, and coarse, and altogether to be a foul stain on the 'scutcheon of the Drama. I regard the contention of Mr.—er—Bert Blotto that it is suitable for children as an impudent libel. By giving such an abomination a moment's patronage you have brought sorrow on your bereaved families, steeped the honoured names you bear in unenviable notoriety, smirched the fair fame of Oxford—(*loud sobs from defendants*)—, and struck a dastardly blow at the bedrock of University discipline. Sentence will be pronounced to-morrow. In the meantime, you may return to your anguished comrades. (*The defendants, looking very dejected and weeping bitterly, then left the court.*)

MR. SPOTTEM: I presume you will now make an order for the suppression of all further performances within your jurisdiction of this disgraceful drama?

VICE-CHANCELLOR: Certainly. By the way, what is its name, please?

MR. SPOTTEM: Punch and Judy.

H. W.

BY WINIFRED HONEY

SHELVED!

BY VICTOR HICKS

RECIPE FOR A BRIGHTER LONDON: FIRST EXTINGUISH A FEW LIGHTS

IT now costs half a guinea instead of 7*s.* 6*d.* to be examined by a doctor if charged by the police with drunkenness. Add to this the increased cost of liquors, and it seems almost as if sobriety *pays!*

* * * *

"MUCH of the dope that is reaching the West End," observes a gossip writer, "is coming over in books." The authorities, we believe, are up against this "novel" idea.

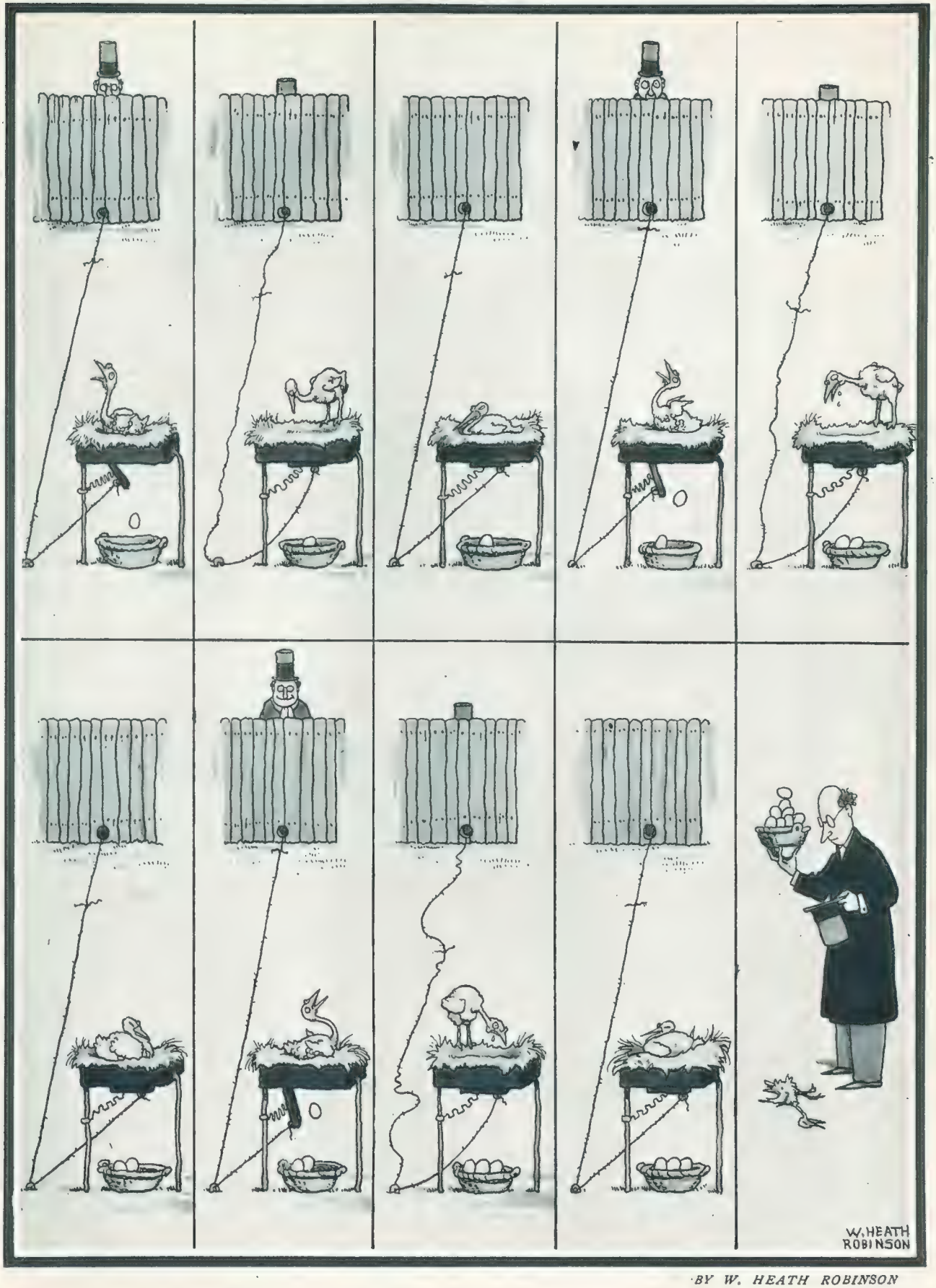
* * * *

86,000,000 working days were lost last year owing to labour disputes. A proposal to add them to the 365 credited to 1922 has met with unanimous disapproval from Trade Unionists.

* * * *

"GOVERNMENT Check to Spendthrifts," says a headline. We feel morally certain that the compositor has again come to grief over that tricky word "cheque"!

Mass Production



BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

FORCING EGGS FOR THE LONDON MARKET

The Season of Promise

BY "ROLAND." *Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN*

MES AMIS—

ONE has the promise of all sorts of things at this new season. Not before it was the time, for one had become a little gloomy with the realities. And it has recently become almost too much depression to write, with not any but the *histoires sombres* to tell. But now we have the encouragement of the sunshine, and the worried diplomats at the Quai d'Orsay can hear the early birds a-twitter in the spacious gardens. This shall be able to relieve the minds after the terrible task of compiling the Notes, *écrites* or *verbales*. One has always thought it must be an exhausting task to confide to paper what is verbal, for it becomes necessary to solve the old problem, "When is a written document not a written document." The diplomats have at last evolved the formula, "*When it is verbal.*"

"Season of Promise"

BUT the sunshine and the birds are not the only joys of the season, and there are the others who have the cause to rejoice besides the troubled diplomats. There are the *midinettes*, and more especially the *gamins*, who were given the glad hearts at the news that once again they would be able to shower the confetti upon one another at the Mi-Carême. They have long felt that Mi-Carême could not ever be Mi-Carême until they had restored to them the right to drown themselves in the little coloured papers. Against them they have had the Department of the Hygiene, which is terribly opposed to the distribution of the microbes in this manner. But they have won over the Prefect and so the Hygiene people will have to seek the slaying of microbes in some other direction. One has to admit that the opportunities do not lack.

"Shower the confetti at the Mi-Carême"

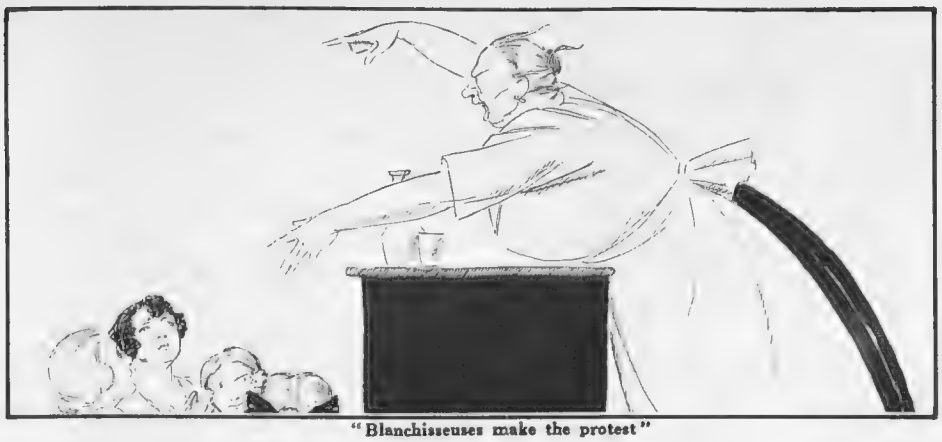
IN the spite of the affection of the small boys for the joyous-hearted Prefect, he has occasionally the unexpected differences with some of them, for naturally he is not known personally to all, and he has the habit to make his journeys *incognito*. He had the occasion the other day to instruct a *gamin* to remove a handcart which had been left at the edge of the boulevard, and which had caused an embottlement of the traffic. The small boy obeyed, but he complained to the *agent* who had the traffic in control at this point about the interference of "old coves" with not anything better to do. When the *agent* solemnly informed him that the old cove was the Prefect himself, the *gamin* tittered and invited the policeman to pull some less experienced leg. "Do you want me to believe that a Prefect would occupy himself with a handcart, and, besides, if it had been the Prefect he would have been wearing the Legion of Honour!" It does appear that M. Leullier shall have to wear always his *rosette* if he wishes to impress the authority on the small boys.

YET while there is the difficulty to obtain the conviction about the identity of the Prefect, one does find that almost anything is believed

"And invited the policeman to pull some less experienced leg"

about M. Clemenceau. The writers of the paragraphs will not let him alone. Almost all the days they attribute to him the new and peculiar intentions, The latest has been to say that he is about to write a play for the cinema. He has laughed with glee at the idea. when I have telephoned to him to ask if it shall possibly be true, but he has asked one to say that it is unfortunately not true. The "*Tigre*" has now apparently the complete content in the books and the travel, and he is unable to be persuaded into the politics or the play-writing.

THOSE who have the interest in the films have had the great joy in the way by which the tables have been turned on the Americans after the scandals of Los Angeles. It has been the habit to regale the readers of the American newspapers with the tales of the wickednesses of Paris, accompanied by the descriptions to



"Blanchisseuses make the protest"

shock, of the palaces of sin on the hill of Montmartre. But now the French writers have retaliated with the stories of the happenings of the Hollywood, and joy has filled the Parisian when he has read that they are much more awful than the adventures of the tepid Montmartre. One of the most responsible of the Paris newspapers has declared Los Angeles to be a cesspool of the vice, and that never has Montmartre been such a fearsome place as Hollywood. It is such a relief to find that someone else is blacker than oneself, particularly when the blacker one has had the Tartuffe habit to accuse the less black for so long.

THERE is still, however, the dismay in the hearts of the *chansonniers* who sing the topical rhymes of their own manufacture in the *cabarets*. M. Maurice Prax—who has done so much to kill the Conference of Cannes by his descriptions of the "Babel Palace" and his references to the jazz-band diplomacy—has suddenly had a wince of the conscience. He has discovered that the *chansonniers* are rather rude in their references to the Allies, and he has called upon them to stop.

IN the presence of such a command the police officers have been to take the notes of these songs in the shorthand, and to state what sort of the rude words are made to rhyme with Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Harding, or Signor Bonomi. One has found that *gorge* has been a favourite rhyme with George, and one can place the very unkind adjectives before *gorge*. Still one has remained in the stage of the moral pressure.

THE policemen have remained in the *salle* in the hope that the sardonic songs shall not be sung in their august presence, but the *chansonniers* have persisted. They have based their defence on the claim—which is perfectly true—that not one Englishman in ten thousand is able to understand the meaning of these *chansons*, which are mostly balderdash expressed in slang. If the merry Mr. Lloyd George could understand them he would probably be the first to smile at their unlikeness to the truth.

ONE has just the time to add a postscript about the queens of Mi-Carême. The *blanchisseuses* make the protest about the selection of the queens. The fair maids of the wash-tub have the anger because the thrones come to be captured by the typists. They cite the history to prove that Mi-Carême is the fête of the wash-ladies, and contend that the typists have not the rights which entitle them to usurp a single throne, let alone to seize the whole of them, as they come to do. Let the typists come and wade through soapsuds to a throne, if they wish for royalty, they say. ROLAND

Photograph *Lafayette*

MDLLE. JAKE MARTINE—A CLEVER EXHIBITION DANCER

Having had a big success in Paris and Rome, Mdlle. Martine will shortly give a special series of exhibition dances here in London

The Revival of Amateur "Soccer"

A CHANCE AND WHAT CAN BE MADE OF IT

THERE have been distinct indications during the present season of a revival of the interest taken in amateur Association football as played by teams and clubs recruited mainly from past and present members of the Universities and of the public schools, as well as of a marked improvement in the standard of play in this particular sphere of the game. We need not try to draw too hard-and-fast a line between cause and effect; we may take it that in any game an atmosphere of enthusiasm is sure to have a beneficial effect upon the play, and that as soon as the play begins to improve the enthusiasm is bound to increase and extend to many who were not the creators of it. Let it suffice that the opportunity for the rehabilitation of 'Varsity and Public School football is at hand and that the importance of the occasion cannot be too strongly emphasised.

Errors of the Past—

As everybody knows, the Football Association, which is the governing body of Association football, is concerned mainly with the provision of entertainment for the masses by players who are paid to provide that entertainment, and for whom football is, consequently, not a game, but a profession. Professional football—thanks very largely to the Press—has acquired a positively tremendous hold upon the public, and the policy of the Football Association has been to foster it, to the detriment of those who wish to play the game primarily for their own amusement and not for the amusement of others. This is why some years ago a large number of amateur clubs seceded from the F.A. They decided to have a government of their own, and the only reason why the establishment of it was not a success was that they did not go the right way to work. In fact, they hardly went to work at all. Instead of facing a situation which they knew to be a difficult one with energy and determination they seemed to think that all the benefits of their newly acquired independence would follow as a matter of course, and that they had only to sit down and enjoy them.

—And Their Consequences

AND so an opportunity was lost of which much might have been made if the right men for the job had been forthcoming. Things went from bad to worse, and eventually the seceders were driven to return to the F.A. fold in a much weaker condition than when they left it. Nor was it to be expected that the F.A. would kill the fatted calf or anything of that kind. It has continued to neglect the 'Varsities and the public schools as much as it ever did. And, as a consequence of all this, an ominous thing has been happening. A number of schools at which Association football has hitherto been the principal winter game have been dropping it and playing Rugby or hockey instead. Why is this? The chief reason is that as things are at present Association football is less likely to be of use to a boy after he has grown up than "Rugger" or hockey. Wherever he resides and whatever he may be doing he will be hard to please if he cannot find in the vicinity a "Rugger" or a hockey club which fulfils his requirements both from a playing and from a social point of view, whereas there may be no suitable "Soccer" club for miles round.

By Howard K. Elcock

CADDY (*to Colonel frantically addressing the ball*): "Cauld mornin', sir" (*no response*). "Gey cauld for the ba', onywye!"

The Brighter Side

I HAVE given prominence to the gloomy side of the picture because it is of no use to mince matters. But as I have indicated at the beginning of this article, the picture has its bright side too. The present season has shown that our schools are still producing capable players of the right type who are by no means out of it in an encounter with professionals. They may not be so expert in the arts and artifices of the game because it is not their business, but, just because it is not their business, they set about it with a robustness and a fine disregard of physical pain or injury which is seldom seen in professional football. It is quite a moot point whether the 'Varsity match was not more satisfying as an exhibition of manliness and grit, as well as of skill, than many an encounter between two top-notch teams in the first division of the League. Indeed, a facetious onlooker at the 'Varsity match was heard to declare — not without reason—that if it had been a League match all the players except the two goalkeepers would have been ordered off the field for "rough" play before half-time.

An Example to be Followed

THE good players capable of emulating the achievements of the great amateurs of the past are forthcoming once more, and the atmosphere of enthusiasm has again been created. All that is necessary is that it should be fostered, and those who are personally concerned in the welfare of amateur "Soccer" must see to it. There is a section of the public ready and willing to support them if it is properly treated and made to feel that its support is worth having by the publication of information as to when and where matches are to be played; by the provision of programmes for those who attend them; by punctuality in the matter of kicking off, and generally by a studious avoidance of that air of perfunctoriness which is fatal to the enjoyment even of the best of games. We have seen what Rugby footballers have been able to do for their game by taking the public into their confidence. Let the amateur Association footballers take a leaf out of their book. H. S. S.

The Trials of Training

BY HARRY WOOLLEY

WHO WOULD BE A PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALLER?

Beating

"THE MAN WIT

Time?

BY WILMOT LUNT

H THE SCYTHE"

Alleyways and Archways of Old Italy

Photograph *Horace W. Nicholls*

SOME SCENES FROM THE CAMERA'S POINT OF VIEW

(1) On the Franco-Italian frontier. (2) Porte Romaine at Bordighera. (3) The Gossipers. (4) Via San Joseph, San Remo

CHRONICLES OF HO SHI FU

EPISODE VI—"AND EVEN THE WEARIEST RIVER"

BY ARTHUR MILLS

BEFORE narrating this, the sixth and last chronicle of Ho Shi Fu, pedigree Pekingese pup, and sometime the property of Captain Garrivale, —th Lancers, it will be necessary to relate a little old history.

Now, though Garrivale had nearly come to the end of his long leave in England without succeeding in finding any girl willing to marry him, and though Ho Shi Fu was much to blame for this, there had been a time when—well, things might have been different. It had all been years ago (three at least) when Garrivale was twenty-one and Sylvia eighteen. At twenty-one, one does not think much, and it so happened that Garry, after flirting tremendously with the pretty little *débutante* all through a London season, went away at the end of it with nothing said. He had just gone away and left her, and though no word of reproach had passed her lips and he kept on saying to himself that it was only a boy and girl affair, he had always felt that he had behaved rather badly about it. Dear Sylvia! many a time since, during the long months on the burning plains of India, he had thought of her and wished he had done differently. Now he did not even know her address, and she was sure to be married in any case. He was at the moment sitting moodily on the front at Brighton, whither he had gone for a few days change of air.

Garry sometimes talked to Ho Shi Fu, and continued his soliloquy aloud. "If ever you get hold of a good thing you be a wise dog and stick to it. Look at me! I've been over here six months and have asked pretty nearly that number of girls to marry me. I suppose they don't like the idea of India—or perhaps it's my face. Now in your country it is not so blessed difficult to find a wife. A Chinese girl is only too glad to get a nice husband, isn't she?"

Ho Shi Fu blinked. He may have been thinking that had he been in his own country now he would have had many wives instead of none, and that England was a land of barbarians compared to the Celestial Empire.

Suddenly Ho Shi Fu's whole demeanour altered. He stood perfectly stiff, ears cocked (as far as he could cock them) head lowered, eyes fixed in a stare. Looking in the direction Ho Shi Fu was "pointing," Garry saw another Pekingese, evidently aware of the presence of Ho Shi Fu, and trying to conceal itself behind the skirts of a girl. Slowly, walking as though the pavement was red hot, Ho Shi Fu began to move forward.

"Come here," called Garry, sternly.

Ho Shi Fu, after the manner of his kind, paid not the least attention. Quickening his pace, he made a sudden dart at the other dog. The next instant there was a growl, a yelp, and a cloud of dust.

Garry was on his feet in an instant, and running towards the two combatants. The girl had already bent over them, and was trying to pull them apart.

"Mind he doesn't bite you," Garry warned her, bending down and feeling for the scruff of Ho Shi Fu's neck. A sharp struggle followed, which ended in the successful separation of the two dogs. Garry clutched Ho Shi Fu in his arms: the little dog's goggly eyes bulged out of his head, all his teeth were showing and he growled horribly.

"Thank you very much," said the girl. "My poor little Wong!" She stroked her dog's head.

"Not at all," replied Garry, finding time at last to look at her. "I am so sorry, my dog . . ." the words died on his lips. "Sylvia," he exclaimed.

It was the girl's turn now to stare at him. "Garry!" she said, as though hardly able to believe her eyes.

The silence that followed seemed to Garry to last a full minute. In that time he took in all the loveliness that might have been his for the asking three years ago. If Sylvia as a girl at eighteen, with her hair just up, had been pretty, at twenty-one in the full glory of her young womanhood she was perfectly lovely. Good Heavens! to think that he had spent six months in England trying to find a wife!

"I say, this is splendid," holding out his hand. She gave him her fingers. They were cold, there was no warm pressure in their clasp.

"Are you stopping down here?" he asked.

"Yes. . . . I'm with my mother in Brunswick Terrace."

"Well, that is luck. Tell me, can I come and—and enquire after Wong this afternoon?"

She hesitated. "Mother won't be in, I'm afraid."

"But you will."

"No. . . . I'm afraid I shan't be in, either."

"Sylvia!" Garry looked at her in astonishment. Her tone was cold, formal. "You're not on the mud about anything?"

"On the mud?" She raised her eyebrows interrogatively.

"Cross . . . fed up with me," Garry explained.

The look she gave him was paralysing. "Why should I be?" she asked, and then thanked him again for his assistance, bowed, and walked away.

"Well I'm jiggered!" thought Garrivale, as he stood, staring after her.

It was a fairly easy matter to locate her address in Brunswick Terrace, which was little more than a stone's throw from Garrivale's hotel. Having found her house, Garry waited impatiently for the first hour of the afternoon to arrive when he could decently call. He was determined he would not let her escape him a second time.

He called at four o'clock. The servant said she was out. Garry replied he would wait. He waited till five, and was rewarded for his patience by the appearance of Sylvia, who had all the time been

(*All rights strictly reserved*)

"CHRONICLES OF HO SHI FU" (*concluded*)

reading in her own room upstairs. She gave him tea and talked for a few minutes on general topics. Garry, mindful of the fact that he had only a few days left before he must return to India, tried to hurry matters on. He skirmished to get back to their old intimate footing. She repelled him at every point. Finally, relying on the good old maxim that there is no fence that can't be got over with a fall, he charged bald-headed.

"I can't tell you how glad I am to see you again," he said, and, recklessly disregarding the look she gave him, plunged on. "I've been trying to find you for ages to ask you something. Sylvia, darling, will you marry me?"

Then the storm broke. Putting down her cup Sylvia told him succinctly what she thought of him. Did he suppose any decent girl would have anything to do with a man who had behaved as he had done and then run away to India without saying a word? If he had the single instinct of a gentleman left he would leave the house and never attempt to see or speak to her again.

Garry realised he was out of the hunt, and there was nothing for it but to go home.

"So that's that," he said later on to Ho Shi Fu. "I'm never to see or speak to her again."

Ho Shi Fu was sleeping, dreaming over again his battle with Wong. From time to time he growled.

The next morning Garry passed sitting moodily on the front, hoping against hope to meet Sylvia again. He was disappointed; not once during the morning did he even catch sight of her. At one o'clock he got up and prepared to go back to his hotel, when suddenly he realised that Ho Shi Fu was missing. He whistled, but no Ho Shi Fu appeared. He walked to the edge of the promenade and looked down on the beach. Not a sign of the dog anywhere. At last he gave up the search and went back to the hotel, where the first sight to greet his eyes were two Pekingese chasing each other madly round on the lawn. One of these he at once recognised as Ho Shi Fu. Having tried unsuccessfully every sort of exhortation to make his pet come to heel, Garry chased after Ho Shi Fu and caught him. Whereupon the other Pekingese began to dance round his feet. Garry bent down and examined the inscription on the collar of the strange dog. He read:

WONG, 14, Brunswick Terrace.

"Good Heavens! Sylvia's dog. I must take him back." Tucking Wong under his arm, Garrivale set off. He met a police officer just leaving Sylvia's house. The officer stared at Wong, and gave an exclamation of delight.

"That'll be that dawg the young lady has lost; she has been carrying on terrible about him."

"Yes . . . it is," said Garry. "I'm just taking him back."

Full of hope at the chance of putting things on a better footing he rang the bell. But Sylvia must have seen him and given the maid instructions, for the latter only opened the door wide enough to admit Wong and shut it again in Garry's face.

"Well, anyway," said Garry to Ho Shi Fu at lunch, "you did your best; so you've made friends with your late enemy, have you?" He cut off a particularly tender morsel of under-done beef and gave it to Ho Shi Fu. "Now," he said, "the more times you can manage to meet Wong the better."

Whether Ho Shi Fu understood these instructions must be a matter for conjecture. Certainly that very afternoon he was again missing. And Garry, taking a sly walk past the house in Brunswick Terrace, saw to his delight Ho Shi Fu romping with Wong right under Sylvia's window.

"I returned her dog this morning—the very least she can do is to return mine," he said to himself.

That evening Sylvia's maid came back with Ho Shi Fu, "and please, sir," she said, as she handed him over to Garry, "Missus says would you kindly tie your dog up?"

"I never tie a dog up," answered Garry, "it's cruel."

For two days the game of returning their respective pets continued uninterrupted. Garry, on his part, made no effort to restrain Ho Shi Fu, and Wong's mistress, in spite of all her efforts to keep the pair apart, had no control over Wong. Somehow or another Wong would manage to escape from the house and the minute he did, round he dashed to see Ho Shi Fu. Sylvia herself managed to remain hidden, but like Garry she was beginning to feel that the situation was becoming ridiculous. The climax came on the third morning when Garry suddenly got his embarkation orders. He now had to make up his mind in a hurry what to do with Ho Shi Fu. Inspiration came, and taking a pen he wrote as follows:—

Mr. Ho Shi Fu presents his compliments to Mr. Wong and wonders if, in view of the sincere friendship that exists between them, Mr. Wong would be prepared to receive Mr. Fu into his house during the absence of Mr. Fu's master in India. The alternative for Mr. Fu, of going to the home for lost dogs, is unpleasant.

Garry wrote this letter, tied it to Ho Shi Fu's collar and loosed him. Ho Shi Fu at once darted off for Brunswick Terrace. This was in the morning. In the afternoon Garry took up a position on the sea front. He had been sitting there half an hour in a gloomy reverie when a voice startled him.

"I'll look after your dog," it said, grudgingly.

"Sylvia . . ." Garry jumped to his feet at the sound of the voice he loved best in the world.

. . . .

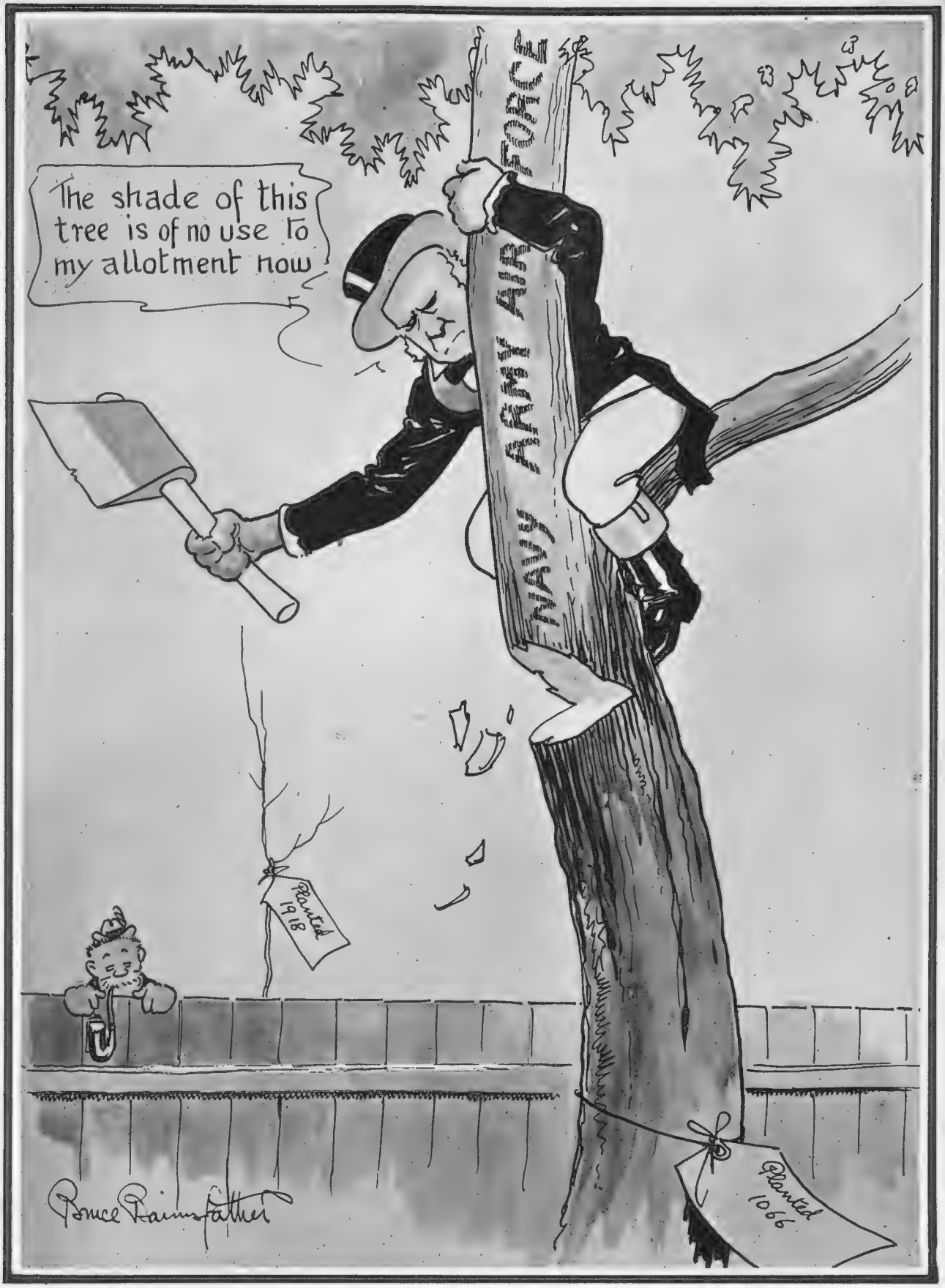
And that night Ho Shi Fu, having for the first time done something to justify his existence, had real tripe for supper, while his elders and betters sat hand in hand talking in soft whispers on the sofa. A. W.

NEXT WEEK!

Special Furniture Section

THE BYSTANDER MARCH 15

It's a Splendid Axe, But—



BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

—Let's Be Careful How We Use It

Photograph *Farringdon Photo Co.*

LADY BURRELL AND THE MASTER OF THE CRAWLEY AND HORSHAM

At a recent meet of the pack at Sir Merrik Burrell's seat, Knepp Castle, Horsham. Colonel McKergow, the Master, has been giving good sport recently

HUNTING NOTES

BY ARTHUR W. COATEN

A New Venture

GOOD luck to the Pearson brothers in their enterprise. There are not many parts of England where you could start a new pack of foxhounds with any hope of sustained success. But thanks to an arrangement with Lord Leconfield it is possible for Major the Hon. Harold Pearson and his brother Clive to revive the old Goodwood district as a two-day-a-week country. Approximately they will cover the territory which extends from Petersfield and Pulborough to the sea. The Duke of Richmond, who was the last man to hunt the country with the Goodwood Hounds, is giving the new venture his blessing. And knowing how thorough Harold and Clive Pearson are in anything they take up—witness the big success which always attends their well-organised polo tournament at Cowdray Park—I am quite convinced that they will run the country in an efficient manner.

The Gloomy Ones

THE pessimists pull long faces when they discuss the future of foxhunting, yet these new packs keep springing up. They tell us that the sport is not like it was. The answer to that is: it *never* was! Look back in the old sporting magazines and you will find all sorts of gloomy forecasts about the future. Even "Nimrod," the *Quarterly Reviewer*, thought that the doom of foxhunting was sealed just because half-a-dozen of the leading packs were losing their Masters simultaneously. That was ninety years ago, yet the same six packs are still on the list and going as strongly as can be expected in these days of wire and depleted incomes.

Some Bidding

I WONDER how Major "Tommy" Bouch, the popular Master of the Belvoir, likes his new 1,020 guinea hunter. The animal is undoubtedly a fine performer, but the general opinion in the Shires is that he cost just about twice as much as he was worth. The story runs that Major Bouch sent his agent to the Leicester sale with the simple instructions to "buy the horse." But he happened to run up against a tartar of a bidder in Lord Furness, and as the price went up sky-high the agent's feelings may well be imagined. Yet he kept bravely on even when four figures were reached, and the hammer fell to his last bid. In this way are record prices made. I have seen bloodstock fetch figures out of all proportion to their real value solely because two rich men happened to be bidding, each determined that the other should not get the prize. Those are the moments when vendors and auctioneer can well afford to smile.

In Warwickshire

LOTS of hunting countries are vacant at the moment. Chief interest, I suppose, centres in the Warwickshire country. Who will take on this famous pack? I have heard one or two likely names mentioned, including that of a very famous sportsman. Perhaps by the time these pages reach you the matter will have been settled. It will be strange to find the Warwickshire country without a Willoughby de Broke at the helm. The suggestion that the country should be hunted five days a week by the present Masters would probably have been agreed to had not Mr. "Josh" Fielden found it impossible to take on further responsibilities owing to reasons of health. Unfortunately he took a bad fall over some wire netting towards the end of February.

Photograph *Sport and General*

MOVING OFF TO DRAW

Mrs. Hopton and Colonel and Mrs. D'Arcy Irving with the North Herefordshire Foxhounds at Eastwood Oak

Better Than One

ONE solution of financial problems in many hunting countries since the War has been found in the appointment of joint Masters. Two purses, you know, are better than one! The Suffolk Hounds are to have a couple of Masters next season, Colonel H. Hambro and Major J. S. Agnew having arranged to fill the gap caused by Sir William Austin's resignation. The Burton country in Lincolnshire is again to be under a dual Mastership. Lord Charles Bentinck retires, but I do not suppose it will be long before this keen amateur huntsman finds a new country to which to devote his energies. Meanwhile, Mr. W. B. Danby has been persuaded to remain in joint command of the

AT A MEET OF THE CHIDDINGFOLD

Mr. A. H. Tate with his family, Ted Farmer the huntsman, Mr. J. E. Sparkes and Will Hemming 1st. whip. Major Earl Winterton M.P. who lives at Shillinglee Park, has hunted the pack since 1915

THE COUNTESS OF OSSORY

Who hunts a great deal in Ireland, at the Castlemorris meet of the Kilkenny. Before her marriage in 1915 to the eldest son of the Marquess of Ormonde, she was the Hon. Sybil Fellowes, daughter of the Baron De Ramsey

Burton, and he will be joined by Mr. J. Hope Barton, who before the War won his spurs as M.F.H. in the Badsworth country.

The Bicester

MANY of my hunting readers will recall that gallant man to hounds, the late Lord Chesham. Even now the grief which was caused by his death in the hunting field is fresh in memory. He was certainly one of the best and most popular leaders the Bicester Hounds have had. The present Lord Chesham is about to take the position which his father filled so admirably. He has not got an easy job in following Major J. P. Heywood Lonsdale, but the experience of hounds which he has already gained in the Old Berkeley country is sure to stand him in good stead. I wish him as long and as successful a term of office as his father had.

Up for the Shows

LAST week's shows of hunters and polo ponies at Islington, following quickly on the wedding festivities, brought many foxhunters to Town. But the visits were only flying ones, for after the long break in February nobody wishes to miss the good sport which hounds have lately been showing. The season looks like winding up successfully, and the point-to-point races, which will be in full swing after this week's National Hunt meeting at Cheltenham, are being looked forward to with the keenest interest. To judge by the long fixture-list, point-to-point sport was never more popular.

A Polo Note

BREAKING away for a moment from the hunting line, I may state that the Argentine polo team, which leaves Buenos Aires this month for England, is now definitely decided on. The players comprise Messrs. Lewis Lacey, David Mills, John Miles, and Jack Nelson. Writing from the Argentine, a friend tells me that they are all exceptionally fine horsemen and very big hitters. Mr. A. M. Peña, who was playing here last season, is accompanying the team, and will make a valuable spare man. The services of the dashing Mr. John Traill will probably also be available for the team. They are assured of a hearty welcome at the London clubs.

A. W. C.

Photographs *Sport and General*

PROUD PRIZE WINNERS

A group of the prize winners at the Haddon Hunt Puppy Walk at Kingsteighton, Newton Abbot

Naiads of the Nile

Photograph] "CAIRO" IN HAYMARKET [*Stage Photo Co.*

Managers who complain of theatre slumps would do well to emulate Mr. Asche's magic medium of success, which appears *so* simple! Just any old plot in any old desert, a few palms here and there, and multitudes of lovely ladies of the harem, and, well, it seems you can't go wrong—at least Mr. Asche can't, and he is here seen (on extreme right) telling his daughter that wonderful old story of women and wine. Mr. Courtice Pounds (on left) would seem to have heard it before and become resigned to the inevitable

ENTER MADAME

AT THE ROYALTY

By "JINGLE"

Illustrated by MACMICHAEL

THIS play has, I understand, enjoyed considerable success in the United States, whence, with seeming contradiction, the divorces come. The star performer is Miss Gilda Varesi, a lady of tremendous energy who acts convincingly with her musical voice and her expressive features, and who, when there is no dialogue for the moment, carries on with her sinuous hands. Miss Varesi may, therefore, be truly said to be an artist to her finger-tips. In the play she is the great *prima donna*, Madame Lisa Della Robbia, famous in all the leading cities of the world. Madame has the artistic temperament very highly developed. She swoops down on the particular destination of the moment like a tornado, with her army of servants and her private physician, and has a faculty that must be second to none, for turning everything upside down in less than no time.

GILDA VARESI AS MADAME.

MADAME has a husband, Gerald Fitzgerald (Mr. Dennis Eadie). Gerald, who is at present living alone in his New York flat, is getting middle-aged, and is weary of following his wife through the capitals of Europe, and up and down the two Americas. Also, he has to complain of Madame's extravagance. Although she receives frightfully huge sums for her singing, she is always coming to him for money. Rather than write a letter she will send a cable, and fill it with all sorts of irrelevant details. It is, of course, sweet to hear that the bird that heralds the coming of spring is calling from afar to his mate, but at five shillings a word all the poetry evaporates out of the dainty news. Taking one consideration with another, therefore, Gerald has decided to divorce Madame. There is another lady, Mrs. Flora Preston, who is quite ready to marry him and to provide him with all the comforts of a home, and he therefore sets the lawyers to get to work on the divorce case. The opening scene of the play shows us that Gerald and Flora Preston have already got to the kissing stage, so that everything will no doubt be quite all right.

MICHELETTE BURANI AS BICE

WILLIAM E. HALLMAN AS ARCHIMEDE

THEN there comes a cable from Madame. She has got as far as New York Harbour on her way home from Spain, and we know from experience in these matters that "she may be here at any moment." 'Twas ever thus! Then there are noises without, excited voices shouting broken English with an Italian accent, and we

learn that the advance guards of Madame's servants are on the spot. They rush into the room where Gerald is having a quiet smoke, and turn him out of his easy chair so that they can get it ready for Madame; and they sweep Gerald's tobacco jar from the mantelpiece and put Madame's favourite ornaments there instead.

TOO MANY COOKS, A DOCTOR, AND OTHERS SPOIL MADAME LISA.

Then Gerald's Japanese cook and Madame's Italian chef have high words in several languages, the prevailing one being the "gotta-hotta-chestnutta" of the American comic-papers. The point at issue is whether the Italian chef is to prepare Madame's meals or whether the Japanese cook is to remain the head of the kitchen. Needless to say, the Italian gets the job.

THEN Madame sweeps in majestically, and reminds us that she is the great Lisa Della Robbia, the world's one and only *prima donna*; and having affectionately greeted her grown-up son, turns to her husband to hear the news. Gerald then states his case with a nice lucidity, explains that divorce proceedings are in progress, and then reaches for his hat. Madame finds the news difficult to understand at first, but as it gradually filters into her brain, she breaks out into a tremendous fit of hysterics, while her servants and her doctor crowd round her and try to keep her a bit quiet. This ends the first act. With the second act, the divorce papers conveying the decree arrive, and we naturally expect Madame to break out again in a fresh and a noisier place. But she takes the situation with extraordinary calm. She sends for Gerald and begs that he will bring Mrs. Flora Preston with him, and dine with Madame that evening. As Mrs. Preston is soon to be one of the family, as it were, Madame feels it will be only right to extend to her the glad hand.

WE gather that Madame, who is still deeply in love with Gerald, is not without the hope of enticing him back to her. Indeed, she plaintively admits to her maid that she had expected her husband to return to her at once, and even to break in the door in his wild eagerness to bask in her sunny smile once more. But, alas! the door remains intact. Still, Madame remains hopeful. The dinner comes off, Mrs. Flora Preston being duly accommodated with a place at the end of the table, directly opposite the chair of the deposed wife. But that is about all the notice that is taken of her. The doctor starts a discussion on great singers, and several continental languages are drawn upon for a properly descriptive vocabulary. Then he gets up from the dinner-table and sits at the piano to show how the melody went, and the cook comes from the kitchen to accompany him on the flute, while Madame's maid sings a snatch or so in Italian from the opera concerned. It is, to say the least, a most unconventional dinner-party, and it becomes still more so when the guests suddenly decide to render the Anvil Chorus with the aid of their wine-glasses and the table cutlery. Mrs. Flora Preston does not feel in her element, and she, therefore, begs Gerald to take her home.

MADAME says she would like Gerald to come back and have a final word with her if Flora will permit it. Flora agrees

reluctantly, and places the time-limit for the interview at five minutes or thereabouts. Madame makes the most of her opportunity. She tells Gerald she wants to talk to him *en bon camarade*, and rejoices to notice that she is interesting him. Then there is a call on the telephone, and Gerald explains that it is from Flora, who is impatient at his delay in returning. Gerald pleads with Flora for another minute or two, during which time he grows more and more under his divorced wife's spell. A second telephone call is heard, and is duly answered; but when a third comes Gerald simply takes the receiver down and leaves it at that.

By this time he is quite re-conquered. He gathers his wife in his arms and tells her how sorry he is that he could ever have thought of leaving her. Madame breaks away, and runs to her boudoir; and after a moment's hesitation Gerald throws his hat on the piano and runs after her and shuts the door. Just that.

Madame's maid walks towards the door of the boudoir carrying a tray with a glass on it. Suddenly she catches sight of Gerald's hat on the piano, and, with a nice intuition, puts a second glass on the tray, and then knocks at the door. I have no comment to make on the situation, because I do not want to say anything that could be taken down and afterwards used against me. So I will merely remark "Crikey!" and let it go at that. Mr. Dennis Eadie does all that is possible with a part that is, after all, only a nicely adapted foil to Miss Varesi's tempestuous activity. Miss Gladys Mason, as the forsaken Flora, has her chance in the third act, where she not unreasonably takes Gerald to task for having jilted her so heartlessly. This is a quite amusing scene, especially as Madame, having scored the victory, bears with a charitable complacency all the unkind epithets heaped upon her. Mr. John Williams takes the difficult part of the impossible son with much skill, and even does a good deal to make such a character comprehensible. As Madame's polyglot maid, Miss Michelette Burani is vastly entertaining, and Mr. W. E. Hallman, whose name sounds English enough, is a most convincing Italian cook. I found the play very amusing. JINGLE

THE OTHER GERMANY

BY THE BYSTANDER IN OCCUPATION

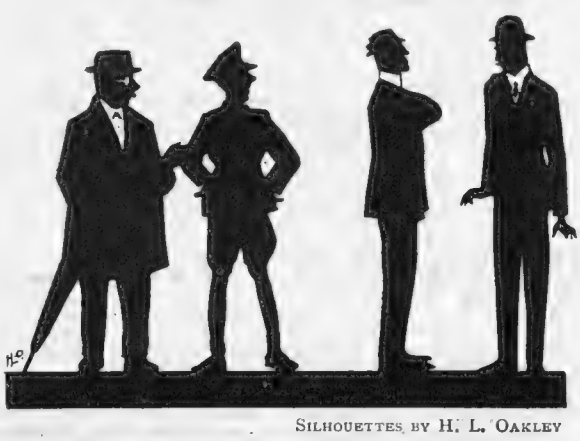
AMONGST the vineyards and forests, ruined castles and purple, mist-wreathed hills peopled with gnomes and sirens on the banks of this mighty river, whose legendary lore eclipses in interest its history, we are apt at times to forget the existence of another Germany. An easy-going, friendly race, the true product of its soil—German in fact and Prussian in political fiction—may blind us to the fact that all Germans are not Rhinelanders, nor Rhinelanders true Prussians. The detachments on duty in bleak Silesia tell stories of a different German type—so do the isolated missions whose purgatory it has been to live amongst the real, square-headed Prussians east of the Elbe.

IT is from a hard and lifeless soil that the Junker wrings a living by agricultural labour which is in itself a bitter, never-ending warfare. Little wonder that such a soil produces the true Prussian—who does not, by the way, conform to the popular picture of a drunken, swaggering debauchee. Those who have had to live with him could almost wish that he did, instead of being the embodiment of all the most detestable virtues that an earlier generation in England was taught to admire. The real Prussian loathes luxury, despises wealth, defies discomfort and power—is narrow intolerance personified, with a mind as broad as the point of his sword—a hater of laughter and a scoffer at beauty. He rises so early and retires so late that he has no time for dreams—and the race which does not dream will never produce anything more beautiful than the litter of a battlefield.

A JAUNDICED "Disarmaments" officer from somewhere east of Berlin remarked when he saw Frau Thomas Atkins in Cologne —"Perhaps it's Heaven where we are, after all; there's no marriage or giving in marriage, anyway, and, as far as the Prussian and his guns are concerned, precious little parting." Few people, one imagines, are less concerned about the fate of Germany than the Britishers who have been working with a Mission—particularly if its *personnel* included Frenchmen—in the home of that race which made the German Empire, and destroyed Germany.

AT home, where visions of reconstruction, restored markets and more employment rightly fill one's vision, or in pleasant Rhineland, it is easy to criticise such indifference to international problems, but going East might make many of us quite content to see the Prussian taking the opposite direction. In a small German garrison town the *personnel* of an Allied Mission quickly becomes known—the nonconformity of British skulls to the established local custom of squaring the circle would alone ensure that. For fear this might be overlooked it is usual for the local schoolmaster to parade his lambs and descant on the physical and moral degradation of the "unkultured" barbarians as they leave their offices. Such experience of the "common humanity of nations" as being requested to leave restaurants because the true Prussian guests find it impossible to breathe the air polluted by your presence is liable to put bounds to your international benevolence. So is the recurrence of such invitations whenever sheer boredom (nothing less could drive anyone to face true-Prussian humour) leads you into a music-hall, especially when this sort of thing continues over a period of months.

ALTHOUGH things have improved since the early days, there is to this day a stronghold of Prussianism where Allied officers, even in mufti, cannot visit any place of amusement. They cannot be turned out, of course—but neither can they compel the rest of the audience or the stage artists to remain; both refuse to do so unless the hated invaders leave the building. And it is in Prussia that the leaders of one party threatened to withdraw from an agreement made with their Government—an agreement vital to Germany if she is to be rehabilitated in the eyes of the Allies—when a politician whose reputation stands as high in Paris and London as it does in Berlin was included in the Government. The crime alleged against him was—that he was of Jewish birth!



SILHOUETTES BY H. L. OAKLEY

"All Germans are not Rhinelanders"

PERHAPS it is well for the hopes of a real peace some day—certainly it is for the comfort of Occupiers—that we are not called upon to keep the watch on the Elbe.

ERIC GORDON

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SPORT OF THE WEEK

As Seen by the Camera

Photograph] **FOUR PROTAGONISTS** *[Sport and General*

In the Golf match in which Sandy Lodge beat the House of Commons by 27 points to 5. Left to right: J. R. Remer and A. V. Hambro (Commons), T. A. Torrance and T. H. P. Kolesar (Sandy Lodge). Torrance beat Hambro by 6 and 5 in the top match, and Kolesar and Remer halved the second

Photograph] **J. GRAHAM SYMES** *[Sport and General*

Winner for the third time of the Amateur Championship of Billiards. He beat in the final W. P. McLeod, who had previously ousted the holder, S. H. Fry. His previous wins were in 1917 and 1918. A picture of W. P. McLeod appeared in our issue of Feb. 22

Photographs *Sport & General and I. B.*

ETON COLLEGE STEEPLECHASES: COMPETITORS CROSSING THE BROOK IN THE JUNIORS' RACE

For which there were over 250 entries, whilst for the Senior event there were 65. A. C. Crossley, who is shown in the circle above, was the winner of the Senior Steeplechase—distance 2 miles 970 yards—finishing 100 yards ahead of G. A. C. Bower, the junior winner last year, with Lord Stavordale third, and G. R. Trotter won the Junior Chase—distance 2 miles—equally easily

Photograph *Sport and General*

THE TORPIDS AT OXFORD

The Worcester College eight, who rose from third place in the 1st division to Head of the River by bumping New College on the first night and Christchurch on the second

Photograph *Topical Press*

STANLEY LEIGH

Of Swansea, aged 20, who has won the Amateur Gymnastic Championship of England. He is the youngest competitor, and the only Welshman, who has ever won the contest

THE NEW COLLEGE II CREW

Photograph *Sport and General*

Who made the greatest number of bumps (six) during the six nights in the Torpid races at Oxford, thereby rising from second in the second division to eighth in the first, and to the highest position held by any second crew on the river

Photograph *Farringdon Photo Co.*

A GOAL-KEEPER'S BUSY AFTERNOON

In the hockey match in which the South beat the Combined Services at Bromley by 5 goals to nil, in spite of some excellent goal-keeping by Lieut. S. Rowe, of the Services, who is here seen running out to frustrate an attack by two South forwards. J. H. Fawcett (left) and J. C. Masterman

Photograph *Sport and General*

THE FIRST THREE MEN HOME

In the Southern Counties Ten Miles Cross-Country Championship, which was decided at Uxbridge, and was won by the Surrey A.C. H. W. Payne (129), of the Great Eastern Railway Harriers, was the individual winner; W. Cottrell (326) of the Royal Corps of Signals, was second, and G. C. White (459), of the Wycombe Phœnix, third

RACING·NOTIONS

BY "CARBINE"

The Balthazar Blunder

WHAT a mess it all is! One of the elementary rules of racing is, of course, that a partnership in a horse must be registered in the proper quarter. That applies just as much to National Hunt racing as to the flat. Yet here we have Balthazar running for two winters and winning four races over the sticks before it is discovered that he ought never to have run at all! For the partnership in the horse which was duly registered under Jockey Club Rules was, owing to neglect, oversight, gross carelessness—call it what you like—never registered under National Hunt rules. And his part owner, Major Edward Clayton, is a member of the Jockey Club, too. Somebody ought to be well smacked over this lamentable business.

Southampton

LAST week's Grand National news was largely of the negligible type. Everything seemed vague and unsettled. First came the warning note regarding Southampton. "Not settled that he shall run in the National—waiting for his owner's return" was the news about Lord Woolavington's horse. I should hate to give the impression that I am trying to teach Bob Gore the business in which he is such a master, but if I had Southampton I should be inclined, owner willing, to take a chance with him this year. Who knows whether the horse will be sound, or even living, twelve months hence? There are inevitably all sorts of risks in steeplechasing, and one might easily wait too long with a promising young National horse like Southampton. I hope, therefore, the decision will be to run him.

Clashing Arms

ON the morning that the Southampton warning was sounded in the papers it was definitely stated that Jack Anthony would ride Clashing Arms in the Grand National. But during the afternoon at Kempton that jockey told me that his brother's horse was not sure to run! In any case, Colonel W. S. Anthony has not been able to get leave to come home, so that whether Clashing Arms runs or not in the National his owner will not be there to see. Duettiste is also included among the Aintree "doubtfuls." If this horse ever won the big steeplechase he would create a remarkable record, for he has already won the American Grand National. Apparently, Harry Escott is still dubious whether Duettiste will either stay or jump the Liverpool country, but I think he is sure to pay his way over the park courses. Report says that there has been a good deal of Yankee money for him in the National.

Cheltenham

HERE'S wishing fine weather for the big National Hunt meeting at Cheltenham this week. Everything else has been carefully arranged for. The Great Western are running special trains from all over their system to the racecourse station at Prestbury Park. Splendid stake-money, amounting to close on £7,000, is to be won, and the races have secured the fine entries they deserve. The course is in perfect condition, and the local people, as usual, are doing all they can to make the meeting a social as well as a sporting success. There is not much fear now of Cheltenham losing this much-coveted National Hunt fixture.

By "The Tout"

MR. S. C. E. LLOYD

The enthusiastic young amateur rider, who, although he has not been riding long, is making a big name for himself over jumps this season. His horses are trained by Owen Anthony

The Big Race

AMATEUR sport can boast few finer attractions than the National Hunt Steeplechase, run over four miles of natural hunting country. On Wednesday we shall see the customary big field for this event. You must pardon me for refraining from making a selection for the race, as so much of the form is absolutely unknown that one is rather groping in the dark. There are plenty of other races at the meeting which will excite keen wagering. The Grand Annual Steeplechase on the first day may be won by **Holdcroft.**

Selections

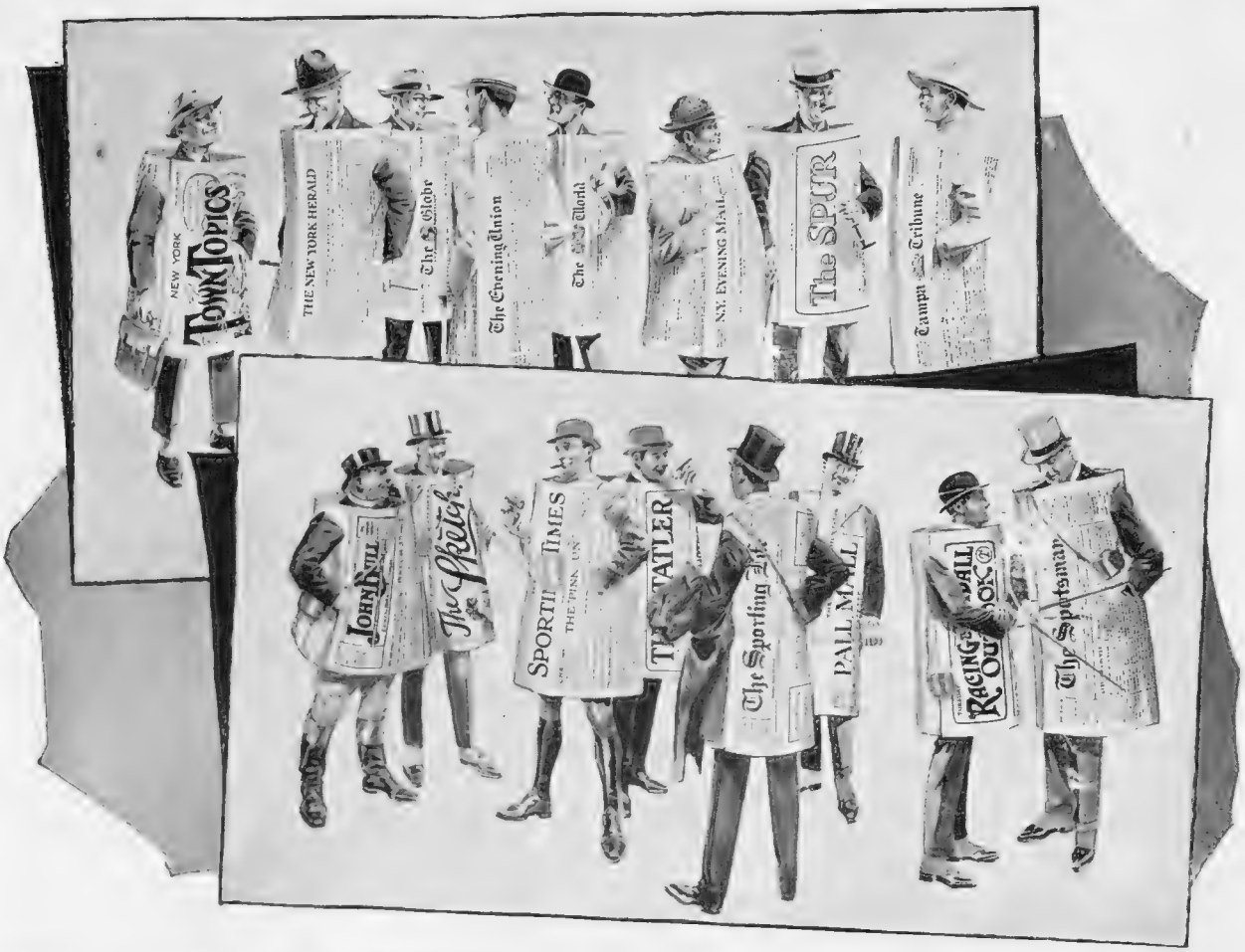
SOME of the National horses will be seen in the big N.H. Handicap Steeplechase on Thursday. The two local horses, Grey Dawn V (a street corner tip for Aintree) and Vaulx, are both entitled to respect. A victory for either of them would rouse Cheltenham to enthusiasm. My own fancy, however, is for **Super Man.** We can always count on a good struggle for the County Hurdle Handicap. I expect **Lukeston** will take a deal of beating in this event. We wind up the week with another good meeting at Hurst Park, with a new attraction on Friday in the shape of the "Limited" Hurdle Handicap. I like the chance of **Double Up.** The Trial Steeplechase on the following day, a four-mile affair, may go to **Garryvoe.**

Holidays in Belgium

It is announced by the Great Eastern Railway Company that it has been decided to run again this year the short sea service between Harwich and Zeebrugge which provides a very convenient route for visitors travelling to the Belgian coast resorts, Blankenberghe, Heyst and Knocke, also Bruges, Ghent, and other parts of Belgium. The service will commence on June 1, and will be run six times every week in each direction instead of three times as last year.

AMERICA BACKS BRITISH OPINION—

"Duggie" the Greatest Sportsman in the World.



**New York World, 10/1/22:* "Douglas Stuart famed throughout the Continent as the Greatest Turf Accountant."

**Town Topics (New York), 28/12/21:* "Douglas Stuart the most popular man in the World."

**New York Evening Mail, 13/1/22:* "Duggie Stuart — England's Premier Bookmaker."

**New York Herald, 18/12/21:* "Douglas Stuart Turf Accountancy—the largest firm of its kind in the World."

"Tattenham" in "Sunday Express" recommends Douglas Stuart as a reputable firm, and advises his readers to do their business with that firm.

Pall Mall said: "His name stands for all that is best in the racing world."

Sporting Times said: "Duggie NEVER Owes."

Why not write to-day and open a Credit a/c?

Douglas Stuart

New Oxford St., London.

Indefatigable in Aid of Charity

Photograph *Hay Wrightson*

LADY SWAYTHLING

A new portrait of the charming wife of the second Baronet. Lady Swaythling, when not organising some charity dance or matinée, is a keen squash rackets player, and is often to be seen at her husband's club, the Bath

"AFTER THE BALL"

by Blanchette

ILLUSTRATED BY HELEN McKIE

London, *March* 6

Dear Cousin—

Must say I'm not altogether and entirely sorry our little Joy Week's over. Hectically joyous it's been, of course, but also, p'raps, just a shade too joyously hectic now and then, on occasions and in parts.

Such rushes to and fro from show to show. . . . Such fevered flittings from lunch-party to matinée, and tea-dance to dinner, and theatre and supper and (once again) dance. Such mad meanderings from the Ritz to Murray's, and Midnight Follies to Rector's, and Savoy to Ciro's, and gay revels at the Troc., and all the rest of it. Truly, life has been, for those of us who have tried thoroughly and loyally and royally to celebrate this Wedding Week of great and glorious memory,

A spangled path from pub to pub,

as some great poet once put it.

Pouf! and likewise Wouf! What a relief, really, to be our plain and sane and ordinary selves once more! Simply love celebrations, I do, don't you, but when they're all over and done with, and you feel you've taken your full and proper share therein, and, p'raps, a bit over—well, rather love, too, don't you, to take a hand at the mere ordinary simple life just for a change?

Do think, though, I must confess, that these sorts of strenuous occasions positively demand, or are, anyway, a perfectly good excuse for, some sort of relaxation after. Such as, for instance, a little lightning trip to somewhere where one can really *see*, without being shut in by streets and houses and things, what's doing this windy month of March, "slayer of the winter" and herald of lovely things to come, month of many weathers and of the daffodils that usher in the spring.

The secret of life, someone said once, I b'lieve, is to do everything as if you'd never done it before. And really, you know, when the March winds blow, and the March sun shines warmly down on you in some sheltered corner of Bond Street and you've got on your favourite new frock and most 'spensive new spring hat—really quite possible and conceivable, without anything very serious in the way of persuasion, to make yourself feel that you *are* making completely new history, or, anyway,

Gay Revels at the Trocadero

"AFTER THE BALL" (*concluded*)

that this is a far, far better thing than you have ever done before.

卐

P'RAPS, p'raps not—as some other poet has remarked. Anyway, this little old burg always has fascinations all its own, if it's only for its infinite and unrivalled opportunities for indulging in

A jolly little dinner
With some gay *vis-a-vis*,

as they gaily sing in *Pot Luck* at the Vaudeville—which is, I may tell you, by the way, quite one of the gayest little things in the revue line that's going here in London now.

"Luncheon dances now

卐

THESE, said Lord Birkenhead the other day, are the most grave and critical weeks in living memory. Meant Ireland especially, he did, I believe—but there's threats, too, of another colossal strike nearer home, and what with bread getting dearer and taxes . . . well, anyway no lower . . . you might think it was a pretty poorish place for optimists, here in England now.

卐

BUT all the same we seem to go on optimising 's hard as ever, and dining and wining and theatre-ing as if there was no such thing as the spectre of national bankruptcy that we get told about such a lot (not to mention the mere private kind) hovering about in the offing. No one's got any money, or, anyway, admits having it, but somehow things do appear to keep on keeping on, even in the way of really quite expensive parties and things. Really rather a miracle — but then everything *has* been a bit on the miraculous side for the past few years, hasn't it?

卐

I MEAN, they all told us, didn't they, first of all, that the War couldn't last more than a year at most 'cos of the frightful expense. And then when that didn't come off, that there positively must be a fearful crash as soon as it stopped and people had realised how utterly and entirely they were ruined. And now . . . well, people seem to be terribly obstinate about it. Ought to be selling matches and laces in the streets, every one of us, according to the prophets—and yet, d'you know, there's hardly a single person of my acquaintance has started doing it up to this very moment!

"Mad meanderings from the Ritz to Murray's"

I REALLY do think it's obstinate of people, don't you—the way they falsify all the best prophecies, and refuse to fall in with the scheme of calamities and things that's been mapped out for them. Instead of which—as some famous judge once put it—they seem to just go about inventing fresh ways of amusing themselves and being quite unseasonably and unreasonably merry and bright.

卐

LIKE at these new lunch-dances that they've just introduced at the Empress Rooms—where, by the way, the dancing floor ('cording to the highest authorities, including your Blanchette) is just about *the* best in Town. Rather new idea, isn't it? Tea-dances and dinner-dances we know, but the lunch-dance is a bit of a novelty.

卐

LOVELY way, really, of relieving or avoiding any of the possible tedium of meals. And even in the best restaurants there *is* sometimes rather a *longueur* between courses, isn't there? while the waiter is brushing his hair or decanting the soup or whatever it is they do do to keep us waiting all those hours and hours. Must confess, makes me simply frightfully impatient, and absolutely ready and pining to jump at the chance of a dance (that's poetry, isn't it?) to fill up the spare time, not to mention any mere pleasure one might possibly take in it on its own.

卐

BUT men, somehow, don't seem half so anxious to leave the (dinner or lunch, or soon, I suppose, it'll be breakfast) table. Sit glued to it, they do, dallying over their food—not to mention other items of the meal. Greedy and soulless creatures, aren't they, albeit occasionally fairly bearable, not to say lovable, what?

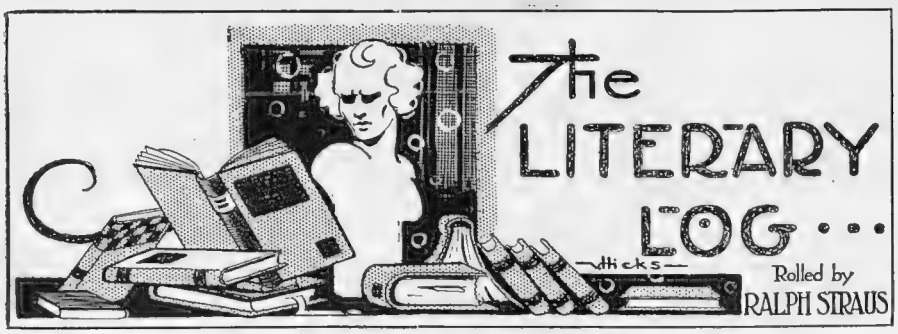
With love, yours ever,

BLANCHETTE

BUCHANAN'S
SCOTCH WHISKY

"BLACK & WHITE"

The Largest Stocks of old matured Scotch Malt Whisky are held by James Buchanan & Co. Ltd. and Associated Companies, which enables them to maintain their pre-War standard of age and quality.



A FEW months ago I mentioned a remarkable chronicle play about Shakespeare—not the "invention" of Miss Clemence Dane, but the far finer work by Clifford Bax and H. F. Rubinstein. Since then three other books by Mr. Bax have appeared, none of them large in point of mere bulk, but each an original work of great interest and wholly different from the two others. At the moment Mr. Bax's name is not, I suppose, widely known; but sooner or later, it seems to me, he must come into his own. He writes joyously and dramatically, and you never quite know what he has got up his sleeve. He is at once transcendentalist and wit—an unusual combination. And—should you be one of those busy creatures "with no time for poetry," be not afraid because Mr. Bax chooses to put most of his good things into verse.

❋

IN *Antique Pageantry* (Hendersons: 7*s.* 6*d.* net) there are four short plays in verse which act, I should imagine, as well as they read. "The Poetasters of Ispahan" you may have seen, for it was produced at the Little Theatre in its pre-Guignolian days. It is a little gem of a thing, odd and wayward, and intriguing. A rich old fellow proposes to sell his daughter "for a song," but the song needs composing, and the ever-changing efforts of the competitors are delightful. In "The Apricot Tree" is an old-time Venetian vignette of a great lady playing at love, shall we say? with a young servant, and in front of her lord and master. "The Summit" is a sparkle of love in its fearfulest form. And Mr. Bax's "Aucassin and Nicolette" takes just those liberties with an old story which most old stories deserve. The book is light and playful, and at the same time highly dramatic—a fit prelude to the author's more ambitious work *The Traveller's Tale* (Blackwell: 5*s.* net.)

❋

HERE in this long poem—don't be frightened by its length—is the poet's philosophy of life. You may not agree with it. You may at moments be bewildered and even angry, but you will be keenly interested throughout, and some of its loveliest lines you will find unforgettable. Briefly Mr. Bax tells the stories of a human soul in its several incarnations, and each story is dynamic and carries a thrill. You see, first, the caveman with his primitive methods and his primitive joys. Later you see the birth of something about which all the great poets have been writing for centuries. And so on until——No, it is useless to attempt to describe this work in a line or two. If I thought that the libraries subscribed for a book of this kind, I would recommend its inclusion in your list: as it is, you must buy your own copy. And that will be the best thing for both writer and reader, for the writer will receive his royalty—even poets do occasionally earn money—and the reader will want to read through this beautiful poem more than once.

❋

I HAVE not space to do more than mention the third book of his. *Old King Cole* (Daniel: 3*s.* 6*d.* net) is a play for children—just the thing for private theatricals at home. Here you see Mr. Bax romping delightfully with the old nursery Rhymes come to life. The big problems of philosophy are left severely alone; but, of course, they are; Mr. Bax knows his technique. He is dramatist and poet, a man of keen vision with a sense of fun. Read him now: one day, perhaps, you will find him the author of some fantastic comedy which will capture the world.

❋

SOMETIMES the most ordinary people disappear, quite respectable people, I mean, who would sooner be seen dead than without a collar. Miss Nina Boyle tells *What Became of Mr. Desmond* (Allen and Unwin: 7*s.* 6*d.* net) in an exciting book. Mr. Desmond is a most respectable man at the time of his sudden disappearance, but when he returns fifteen years later without a word of explanation, and expects matters to go on as they did, he is sadly coarsened. It is a little difficult to believe that things happened as Miss Boyle says they did, but when people get killed and a wicked adventuress gets busy all sorts of unbelievable things have a way of happening and getting themselves reported at great length in the newspapers. In any case Mr. Desmond is singularly unlucky

❋

THE eight short stories which go to make up Mr. Jay Gelzer's book, *The Street of a Thousand Delights* (Mills and Boon: 6*s.* net), deal with the Chinese quarter of Melbourne. They are dramatic and carefully written, and, for the most part, deal with the vexed problem of mixed marriages. No Chink should have blue eyes, but Wang Hai had, and Jewel loved him for them. China Rose, who is brought from the Bowery to Australia as the bride of a Chinaman, revenges her husband's honour, but just too late. This, perhaps, is the best story, though "The Gorgeous Jest," which tells of the dilemma in which a quite honourable "professional killer of men" finds himself, and how he reconciles business with his conscience, is almost as good. A fine little collection. R. S.

By "JONK"

STOCK EXCHANGE CELEBRITIES

No. XV.—MR. C. D. HOBLYN

For forty years has he trodden the floor of the House, eighteen of that time being occupied on the Committee. A Mason of much importance, being a Past Grand Deacon of England and a member of many Lodges. Never without a buttonhole or a smile

MORE HAIR

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VALUABLE HAIR BOOK FREE.

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THE SECRET IS YOURS FOR THE ASKING.

Send for the Free Comalonga Book to-day. It will explain how a short course of **Comalonga** will quickly prove its value to you. By following the advice given the hair will grow more quickly, it will be stronger and more luxuriant. There will be no more loosened hairs on your brush and comb—no hideous bare patches on your head—no starved, impoverished locks.

Send no money, simply your name and address to

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FAST, yet under perfect control at all speeds, so powerful that light work is made of the stiffest gradients, so comfortable that undue fatigue is never felt. Such are the merits of

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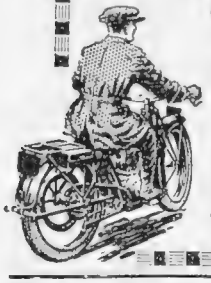

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Protect your engine by using Shell Motor Lubricating Oils

"EVERY DROP TELLS."

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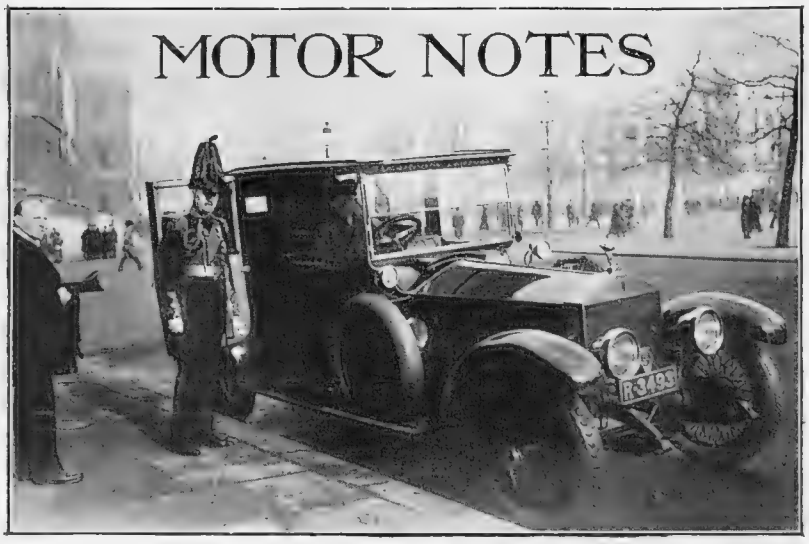
MOTOR NOTES



THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH

Leaving his residence at Grosvenor Gardens in his Rolls-Royce car for the Royal wedding ceremony at Westminster Abbey

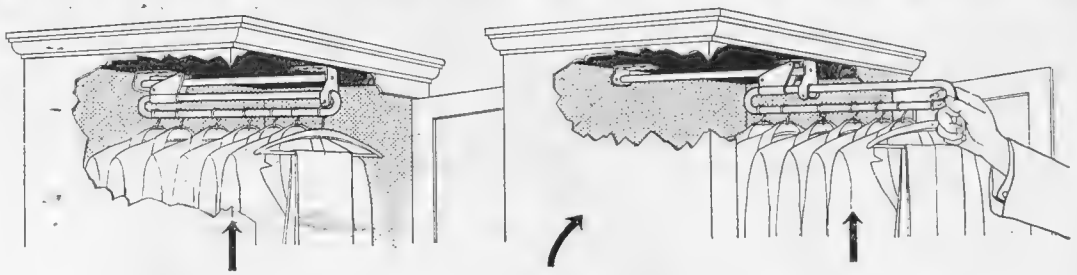
ABOUT this time of the year motorists who gave their orders for their new motor-car, motor-bike—or any of the other gradations between these two—at the Olympia Show are getting advices from the dealers that the delivery is near at hand. That is why I am tempted to touch on two subjects this week that owners might find useful to be reminded of, namely, insurance and road licence. The first of these was brought to my mind when I found I had to renew my own car's insurance policy. To-day, the value, or, I had better say, cost to purchase, is £100 less than when I bought it. Now ought I to insure for its replacement value or what it cost me? And if I do take the latter course, will the insurance broker extract that latter value from the insurance company on my behalf should, for instance, I lose the car by fire or any other means? I soon decided to reduce my policy £100, and also pay a less premium in consequence, because if one takes the trouble to read any such policy—few ever do trouble to—you will find that the company either will replace the damage done or pay cash. Naturally, if they can buy me a new car for £100 less than I have insured my old one they will give me the car and not the money to buy it. And don't you forget this in regard to all old cars bought soon after the Armistice boom. For new ones I wish to remind such owners that they should include the value of the spares, rugs, extra fittings, etc., carried usually on the car when touring, in the total sum of their insurance policy of the car.

* * *

WHEN I think about the amount of ink that has been spilt in regard to "road licence fees" I almost tremble whether these few penfuls will not burst the bubble by saturation. For since January 1, 1922, motorists are graciously permitted by the Chancellor of the Exchequer to take out the road licence of their motor-carriage at any month of the year and pay for the broken period at a pro-rata cost. For instance, in March you pay nine-tenths of the fee you would pay for the whole year, in April eight-tenths, in May seven-tenths, in June six-tenths. For July and August the charge is half the yearly rate, that time being the popular holiday months the Treasury expect to get a lot of extra customers, so keep the price up, but for September the fees drop to four-tenths, while at October the quarterly licence fees have to be paid. Of course, the same system of rebate holds equally for licences taken out

(Continued on page 570)

Watts's Fitting trebles the capacity of your wardrobe



Section showing Watts's Fitting closed, with the clothes neatly hanging inside Wardrobe.

Sliding along roller bearings Watts's Fitting has carried the clothes right out—

into the Light where you can select the garments you require without difficulty.

Don't grope inside—Watts's Patent Fitting slides your clothes right out to you.

Two Watts's Fittings side by side in Large Wardrobe.

A Watts's Fitting not only trebles the capacity of your wardrobe but, by its ingenious construction, enables you to draw *all* your clothing right out, into the light, so that you can select the garment you want with ease and comfort. Moreover, clothes are kept neat and shapely. Made throughout of heavily nickel-plated steel. Easy to fix—nothing to go wrong.

Complete with Screws.

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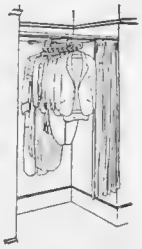
Hangers from 1/6 ea.

Equally suitable for ladies or gentlemen's clothing. Nothing to get out of order. One price for any size, from 10 to 20 inches (when closed). When ordering give back-to-front inside measurement of wardrobe.

JOHN WATTS (Dept. B) Lambert Works, SHEFFIELD.

London Showrooms: 24 Redcross Street (near Aldersgate Street Station), where this Fitting and Watts's Trouser Presses Wardrobes, etc., are on permanent exhibition.

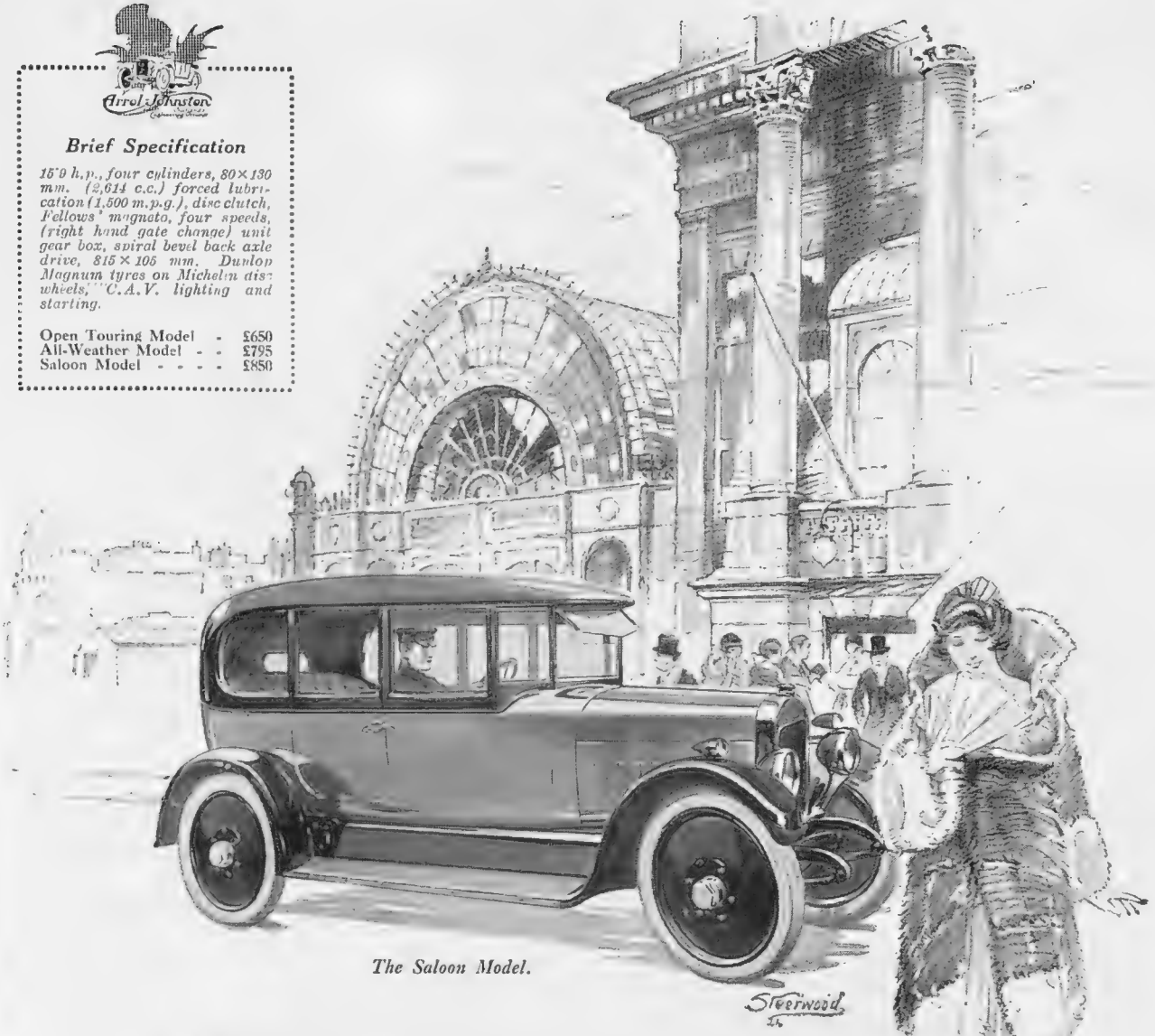


A Watts's Fitting under a shelf converts a corner or alcove into an up-to-date and inexpensive Wardrobe.

Brief Specification

15·9 h.p., four cylinders, 80×130 m/m. (2,614 c.c.) forced lubrication (1,500 m.p.g.), disc clutch, Fellows' magneto, four speeds, (right hand gate change) unit gear box, spiral bevel back axle drive, 815×105 mm. Dunlop Magnum tyres on Michelin disc wheels, C.A.V. lighting and starting.

Open Touring Model -	£650
All-Weather Model - -	£795
Saloon Model - - - -	£850



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The latest model is an achievement resulting from untiring research and endless experiment. Gears that slide home at a touch—steering that responds to minimum effort—an engine with a power output more than twice its R.A.C. rating.

Comfort, Performance and Value—perfected by methods that time has proved, are features of the Arrol-Johnston, not found in cars of more recent birth.

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Arrol-Johnston

ARROL-JOHNSTON, LTD., DUMFRIES, N.B.

MOTOR NOTES (*concluded*)

quarterly, as if for three months three-tenths of the annual fee has to be paid, two-tenths for two months, and one-tenth for one month. And there you are, don't you know, so all this frothing at the mouth, *re* the present licence system stopping motorists taking delivery of their cars until the beginning of a quarter is all rubbish, as you only pay the same proportion for broken periods as you do for any one or more quarters. It is only people who get cars during January and February and pay a full year's fees who can grumble at having missed a bit of time, but, then, their rate is a bit cheaper, so there is very little in it.

* * *

As the Duke of York has promised to be present at the Essex Motor Club's meeting at Brooklands on May 20, the benevolent fund for which this is being organised should be largely augmented by an extra large attendance. Already the club has received a donation of £250 for the fund, and several well-known motorists are preparing and tuning up some new cars for the races on that day around the track. I hear also that so popular was the enclosure at the Fork during the 200 miles race last year that Colonel Lindsay Lloyd, the clerk of the course at Brooklands, is going to make this into a *pukka* stand, with refreshment booths and other such conveniences. Perhaps it might be worth experimenting to hold a Brooklands meeting and let the finishing line be somewhere near Vickers' shed, and not use "the straight" portion of the course at all for racing purposes. But there! the B.A.R.C. folk are quite capable of managing their own business, candid critics notwithstanding. Yet, after all, "a 'int his a 'int," said the cabby.

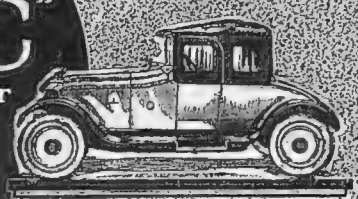
* * *

There is nothing like a cosy fire to draw out all the latest chit-chat of the every-day motorist. Round such a one, half a dozen car-owners sat the other night discussing motor topics. Among other things that came before the meeting was the question of lights on obstructions on the roads, such as level crossings, road up wholly or partly, and other like obstacles. All sorts of suggested improvements were made to the ordinary red lantern, until an old motorist yawned languidly, after putting his glass on the table. "Don't you fellows know that a red light always means danger, and slow up accordingly, whether you guess it's the tail-lamp of another vehicle or a railway gate." And after the silence that held for a whole second, all the others began to protest that they did slacken speed and slow to a crawl at a red light. But I think that old man hit the nail on the head. The modern motorist does not heed any warning to the fullest extent he ought to, as it is quite a recent grumble to suggest that any other form of lighting should be substituted as a warning light other than red, which has been the danger colour for centuries. Old Hy.

LADY DIANA DUFF-COOPER
And the Hon. Lois Sturt, in Lady Diana's Albert roadster. Miss Sturt, who featured with Lady Diana in "The Glorious Adventure." is the younger sister of the third Baron Alington

The Amazing

"A-C" Light Car
"Worth more than any Other"



Superimposed upon the finest light car chassis ever built is the highest example of the coachbuilders' art.

Those who turn to look at the passing "A-C" see only its outer beauty.

We ask you to come and inspect its inner luxury, and to take a trial run and prove to your own satisfaction that its beauty is not only skin-deep.

All-weather two-seater (Illustrated) fully equipped £550

Full range of models always on view
Prices from £495.
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238, Regent St., Oxford Circus, W.1.
'Phone: Langham 1403. Works: Thames Ditton, England.
Address of Agent in your district on request.

Use "NUGGET" BOOT POLISH for those dainty new shoes

A VERY small application of 'Nugget' each morning will keep the smart appearance on your shoes. 'Nugget' *preserves* the leather and makes it soft and comfortable to wear.

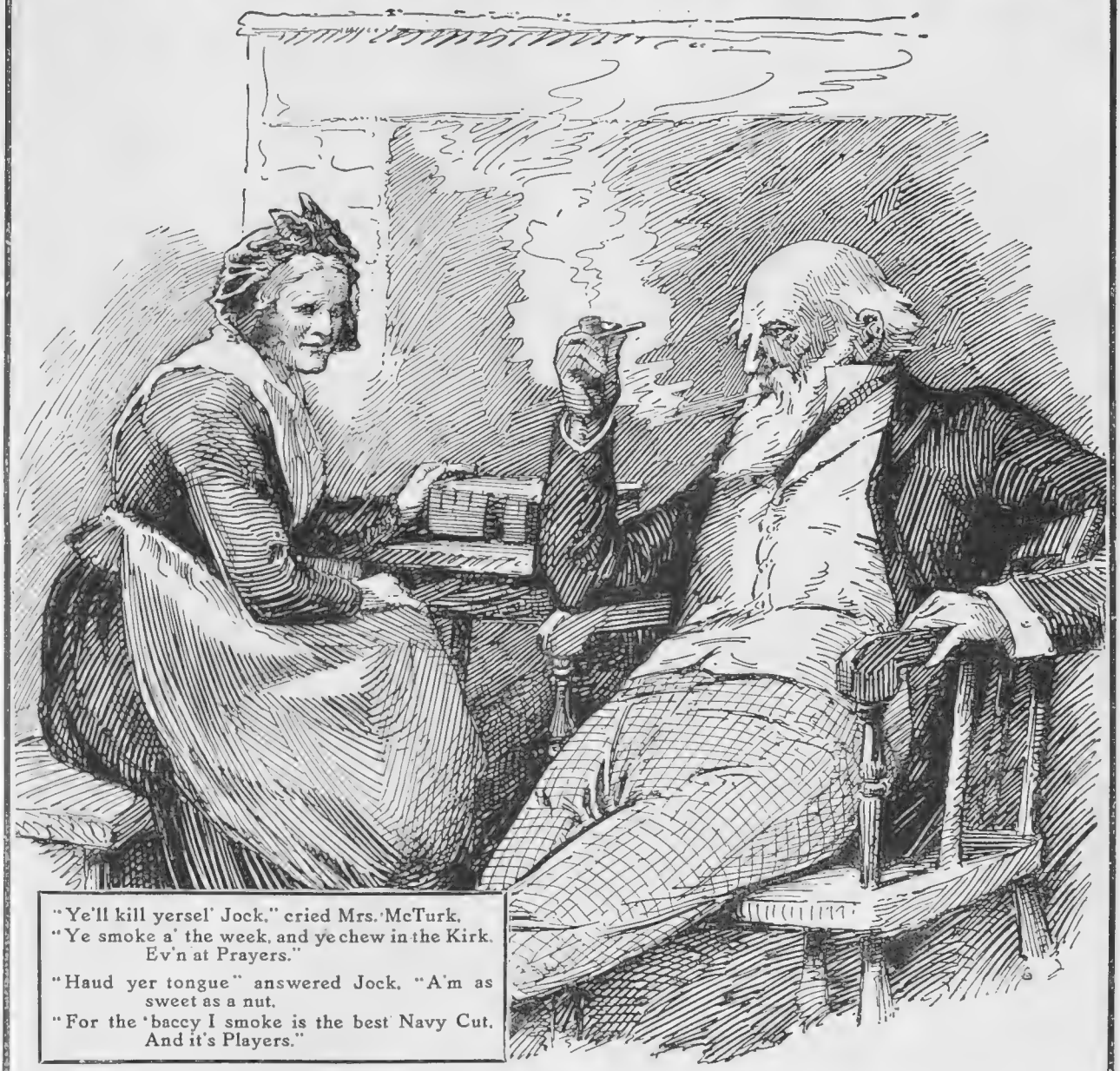
'Nugget' is economical too—a tin outlasts any other kind and gives much better results.

4d. and 6d.

in the new easy-to-open tins. Made in Black, Brown (Tan), Dark Brown and Toney Red. Also in White for Patent Leather.

No. 816. C.F.H.

Ye Ken! It's PLAYER'S



"Ye'll kill yersel' Jock," cried Mrs. McTurk,
"Ye smoke a' the week, and ye chew in the Kirk.
Ev'n at Prayers."
"Haud yer tongue" answered Jock, "A'm as
sweet as a nut,
"For the 'baccy I smoke is the best Navy Cut,
And it's Players."

Probably there are not many smokers of the present generation who will remember this advertisement, which first appeared in 1896. It is reproduced because of its excellence and to remind the public that PLAYER'S NAVY CUT TOBACCO AND CIGARETTES are still going strong.

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PETER ROBINSON'S

Coat-Frocks

No. 1103. A Pretty Coat-frock of Serge, with openwork of Medallions, material edged braid, underskirt of contrasting satin, embroidered belt. Colours: Mole, Nigger, Fawn, Saxe, Biscuit, Navy and Black. **9 Gns.**

No. 1104. A prettily-braided Gaberdine Coat-frock, waistcoat and collar of contrasting colour. Can be worn open or closed. Colours: Biscuit, Grey, Nigger, Navy and Black. **6 Gns.**

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CATARRH, DEAFNESS, EAR NOISES, ASTHMA.

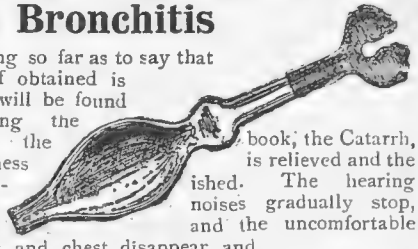
QUICK AND EASY HOME CURE.

Send for Sir Hiram Maxim's New Book and Learn of a Quick and Easy Commonsense Home Cure.

IT IS FREE.

No need to continue suffering. Sir Hiram Maxim, the great inventor and scientist, has discovered a quick and simple home cure for all catarrhal troubles, and in order that sufferers should have a free opportunity of learning how to cure their own ailments without interfering with their occupation, he has published a most interesting little book called the "Home Doctor," which will be given free to all who apply for it. The thousands already cured include sufferers from:—

Catarrh, Deafness, Ear Noises, Asthma & Bronchitis



A doctor (M.D.) going so far as to say that the immediate relief obtained is almost magical. It will be found that after following the advice given in the book, the Catarrh, Cough or Tightness is relieved and the expectoration diminished. The hearing improves, ear noises gradually stop, stuffiness in nose and the uncomfortable feeling in the throat and chest disappear and give place to ease and comfort. Running at the nose is checked and bouts of sneezing cease instantly. An ever increasing improvement will be felt, and in most cases a complete cure will take place in a short time.

THIS GIFT BOOK

will be sent on receipt of name and address. Never mind how many previous treatments have failed, read the book and follow Sir Hiram's advice. You will be surprised and delighted at the result. Simply send your name and address to Sir Hiram Maxim's Sole Licensees, John Morgan Richards and Sons, Ltd. (Dept. B.T.), 46, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1

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JUST as Sir Kreemy Knut is jumping for joy at the wonderful success of Sharp's Super-Kreem Toffee, so every kiddie jumps for joy at the sight of the favourite orange tin with its tempting contents. Sharp's Super-Kreem is so wholly delightful — wholesome and nourishing—that it charms the palate and wins favour with all. Buy some to-day and taste just how good toffee can be.

8d. per ¼ lb.

Sold loose by weight or in 4-lb. decorated tins—also sold in 5/-, 2/6, and 2/9 tins. If unobtainable in your district kindly send post card giving name of your confectioner.

E. SHARP & SONS, Ltd., MAIDSTONE

The Largest Manufacturers of Toffee in the World.

What is a House Decorator?

BY MRS. M. VINCE

I SHOULD have thought that the name "house decorator" explained itself. Unfortunately it does not. I very rarely meet people who understand what it means, and occasionally meet those who have the most fantastically wrong ideas about it. A woman told me once that she thought it meant decorating tables for dinner-parties! After that I ceased to feel any surprise, whatever people thought it to be. The word "house" should be clear enough, so I suppose there must be something very mystifying about "decorator."

PERHAPS it is a pity that we have not a plainer word for it—plainer in both senses. For the word "decorator," in the popular mind, is touched with something the same affectation as the word "beautifier," and the "decoration" of a house is taken to mean the giving to it of unnecessary and extravagant ornament—extravagant, also, in both senses. Whereas it is really concerned with the things without which no house would be habitable. Plain people say that they *are* plain people, that they are quite satisfied with their houses as they are, and do not need them decorated. They say this without realising that their houses are already decorated — probably badly—and that they could not live in them if they were not.

THE word "decorator" is rather vague, because it covers a great many things. Put quite simply, the interior decorator of a house is a man or woman who can take the house from the architect with nothing but its bare walls of plastered brick or stone, and leave it ready to be lived in. If you think of a house with its bare walls, and of all the things it will need to make it habitable—all the woodwork, the mantelpieces, the papers, the carpets, the lights, the upholstery, the curtains, you will realise that decorating covers a good deal and that the plain man, who is too plain to have his house "decorated," would be very uncomfortable if he were taken at his word. Moreover, the decorator must be able not only to choose, but to design, some, at any rate, of these things.

THE reason why a great deal of this work is not associated with the decorator is that, in a great many new houses, it is already done by the architect or by the builder. This would not matter if it were well done. Unfortunately, a great many architects, and still more builders, know very little and trouble very little about it. That is the reason, to give two instances, why there are so many ugly mantelpieces in our houses, and so much white paint.

I HAVE heard white paint called "the architects' colour" because architects use it so often in the mistaken idea that it will "go with anything." Whereas white is as positive a colour as red or green. I have several times been asked by young architects how they could learn something of house decoration, because they were expected to do the insides of their houses, as well as the outsides, and confessed that they knew very little about it.

THE word to be emphasised in the description I have given of the decorator is the word "to design." A great deal of the decorator's work is necessarily a work of choosing, and there is a real art in choosing right—in carrying a room in one's mind, its size and shape and aspect, so that one knows at once what will be right for it and what will be wrong. And so a room may be a real and individual work of art, even though the decorator has designed nothing in it. But behind that ability to choose right lies the power to design, and it is from long and hard work at drawing and designing that much of the ability to choose right comes. That is the difference between a professional decorator and the smart amateur. When people, as sometimes happens, talk to me as if they thought decorating to be an easy thing which any "artistic girl" could start doing at once, I show them working-drawings of a panelled room, or a mantelpiece, or simply a plain cupboard—drawings, that is, done to scale, from which, without further instructions, the cabinet-maker or carpenter can make the thing exactly as it is intended to be—and I see at once by their faces how little they had understood what a house decorator is. M. V.

Photograph *Compton Collier*

THE HON. MRS. HENRY MULHOLLAND AND HER CHILDREN

A group taken at Bagnor Manor, Newbury, of the wife and children of Lord Dunleath's second son. Mrs. Mulholland is a daughter of Sir Arthur Douglas Brooke and a sister of Sir Basil Brooke, who was a well-known officer of the 10th Hussars

FASHION'S FANCIES

BY MRS. JACK MAY

The Intrigant Evening Gown

It is incredible there should be one dissentient voice where the dress of the moment is concerned. It is all so extraordinarily elegant, wearable, and in the case of afternoon and evening frocks has just that little extra subtle touch of femininity that has been lacking for so long.

White *marocain* is accountable for quite some of the most attractive dance dresses, just now draped in statuesque folds, or else arranged with one of the new over-tunics that barely cover the knees back and front, and take a sudden long sweep downward at the sides, forming soft cascades. One of these white *marocain* creations had the *décolletage* finished with the quaintest roll-back collar, so disposed as to stand up a little at the back, rather reminiscent of the Elizabethan period.

Equally alluring in its way was a peach blossom-pink *tulle*, the *jupe* made ballet fashion, skirt upon skirt, allied to a swathed bodice of silver and pink shot tissue, cut into a wide, deep square at the back. As the wearer of this pretty thing moved about she reminded one of a thistledown; while quite in a different vein was a long sheath fitting gown of scintillating black jet, to which a slight Empire appearance was imparted by a deep swathed sash of moonlight-blue chiffon, the *pièce de résistance*, however, of this affair comprising a long cape of black lace that was caught round the arms to form long close-fitting sleeves, that fell right over the hands. The effect of the cape when the arms were held out was that of bats or butterfly wings. It was very lovely, as was also a wonderful confection of Indian-red chiffon encrusted with bead embroidery, the skirt covering the ankles, to which long, narrow sleeves of chiffon were attached at the top of the arm, with one corner caught and braceleted to the wrist. Fur also continues to play a conspicuous rôle in the cause of evening toilettes, broad bands edging wide sleeves of some transparency, hems of skirts, and again posing as girdles.

The latter is to be seen figuring in the adjoined original design, a scheme carried out in tangerine velvet, the skirt and under corsage patterned with large silver tissue roses, the hips encircled by a band of kolinsky; and in this short dissertation there has been touched merely the fringe of the delectable evening outlook.

The Always Persuasive Plissé

As a welcome diversion to the close sheath under-dress there appears to be a growing fancy for soft *plissé jupes*, over which are dropped panels, draperies, and tunics of a contrasting material, lace *faille*, *marocain*, or satin *beauté*. A brown *faille*, relieved by touches of gold lace, was worn over a *plissé* under of brown chiffon, an old blue taffeta opening at the sides to show *plissé* panels of shell pink chiffon.

It is by no means necessary, though, to have a contrasting colour, the *plissés* in a transparency finding a quite satisfactory foil in an opaque fabric. The fabricating medium selected for the second original offering of the week is *marocain* in an indigo blue shade, the fronts opening as shown over *plissé* chiffon in tone and repeated in those prettiest of all sleeves, the "Bishop." Round all the edges there is carried a binding of satin ribbon, and at the waist there is worn a blue and steel bead girdle. Accompanied by a little hat of blue *marocain* draped with lace to just cover the eyes, the ends falling cascade fashion either side, this is a frock that would be ideal for a *thé dansant*, and would, in all probability, stand out from far more ambitious efforts as the perfection of quiet elegance.

AN EVENING FROCK OF TANGERINE VELVET

Patterned over with large gold roses, to which a particularly distinctive touch is imparted by a low girdle of kolinsky fur

Original design by Betty Nisbet

Novelties on Washing Ribbons

From time immemorial the name of Cash, of Coventry, has been a household word with us. Their dainty hemstitched frills for the ornamenting of household linens have no rivals in the eyes of the fastidious housewife, *lingerie* frills of a similar character, but of finer and more decorative order, standing, as they have done for many years, as the best and most practical trimming for children's *au dessous*.

Then when the reign for ribbon-trimmed and ribbon-run garments set in this enterprising firm, who never rest on their laurels, promptly launched the most wonderful washing ribbons. Commencing tentatively with self shades or tiny spot pattern, they have gradually flown higher and higher, and to-day are in a position to offer a bewildering

(Continued on page viii)

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PROMENADE
TURN SHOE
Model 2958.
In Patent, Nigger, or
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Excelsior Shoes *for Ladies*

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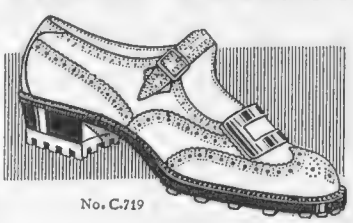

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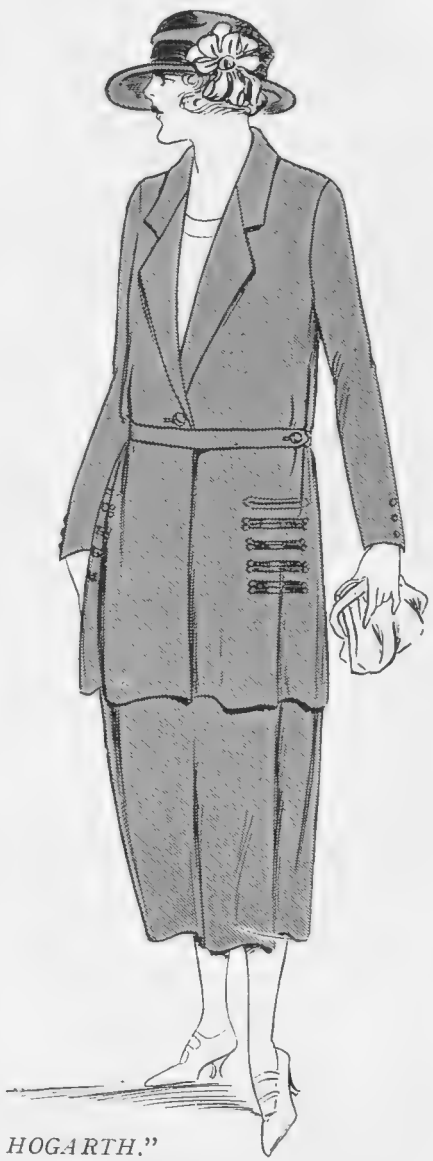

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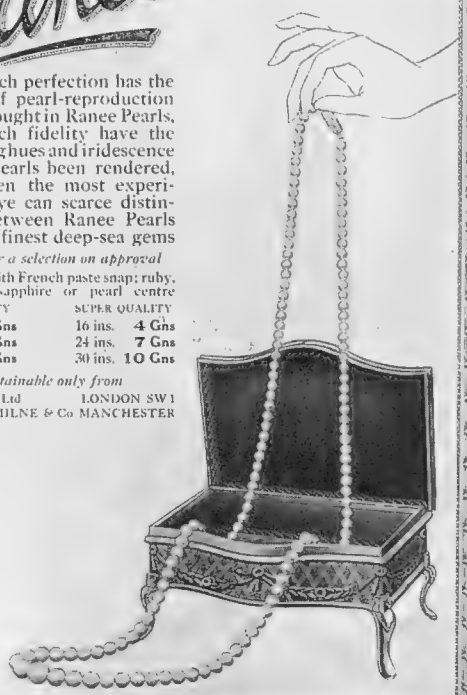

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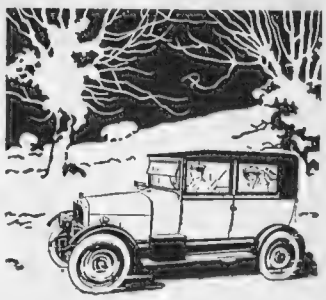

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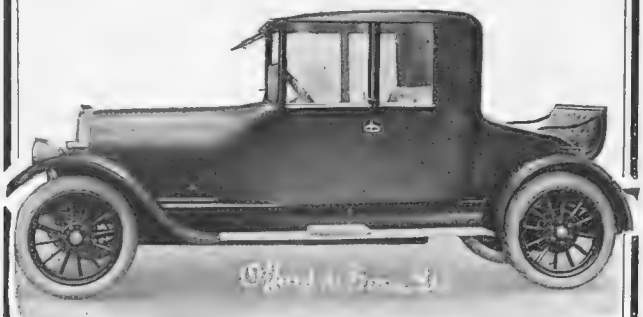

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"Many thanks for your most prompt attention to my order. The pearls arrived in excellent condition, and are greatly appreciated. They are a most marvellous substitute Comparing them with Bolivian pearls, I cannot detect any difference in colour or general appearance."

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"I must say that they are the best I have yet seen. There are many kinds of Japanese 'Cultured' pearls sold here and in other Eastern Cities, but on comparison with Ciro Pearls, the difference is more than obvious, and I must congratulate you on the production of a very superior article at a moderate price."

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"Mrs. —— is more than delighted with the 'Ciro' necklace. The exquisite sheen of the pearls, their limpid beauty and delicious colouring are a joy to behold, and they rival the cherished possession of a friend who owns a real pearl necklace."

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On receipt of One Guinea, we will send you a Necklet of Ciro Pearls, 16 inches long, with clasp and case complete, or a Ring, Brooch, Ear-rings, or any other Ciro Pearl Jewel in hand-made gold settings. If, after comparing them with real or other artificial pearls, they are not found equal to the former or superior to the latter, return them to us within fifteen days and we will refund your money. Ciro Pearl Necklets may also be obtained in any length required. We have a large staff of expert pearl stringers.

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FASHION'S FANCIES (concluded)

choice of designs, many of which carry patterns of the most realistic little figures and animals. A boy and girl on a see-saw is one amusing fancy, another representing a miniature camel led by a proportionately diminutive figure towards a palm tree. These quaint fancies, together with several spot and floral designs, making up a sum of choice that suffices to place Cash's washing ribbons in the very front rank of desirable accessories, many whereof, it is a foregone conclusion, will be found figuring on summer tub frocks.

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PROMINENT among the many Scottish firms—and Scotland has long been recognised as the home of cleaning and dyeing—comes the Castlebank dye works. The presiding heads of these works have, of a fact, raised cleaning and dyeing and repairing to the level of a fine art.

Their equipment and craftsmanship not only include the best that is British but also the cream of the French knowledge.

To them belongs the exclusive rights of the secret Franco-Barbe process of cleaning and dyeing, the Lyons invention that is held in such high esteem by the keen, far-seeing Frenchwoman, who is always alert, and more so than ever now, to the saving of her francs. A further example of the intelligent and go-ahead methods adopted by the Castlebank people is the famous Khaki conversion service which proved a veritable boon to demobilised officers and men all the world over.

Again it was this house that first detected the weakness in the cleaning of weatherproofs, which gave these garments such a washed white appearance. After long and careful experimenting they discovered a retinting process that, in addition to cleaning, restores the original fawn shade and literally makes a weatherproof look as good as the day it was bought.

From time to time there is issued a bright and instructive little magazine price-list, *Fleur de Lys*, which is always available on application.

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Of indigo blue marocain, trimmed satin ribbon and completed by under-dress and sleeves of plissé chiffon in tone
Original design by Betty Nisbet

An Automatic Stropper

Men who use safety razors will know the waste of time and temper when experimenting with new blades. It is a nuisance having to unwrap the greasy paper in the cold of early morning and to select a good blade, and the invention of an ingenious stropping machine is a welcome improvement. The Allegro, an extremely neat and beautifully made machine, is provided with two sharpening surfaces set at an angle, and so gentle is the honing and stropping action that one blade can be used for a year, the whole time retaining an exceptional keenness. The Allegro is perfectly simple to use and thirty seconds stropping is ample. The price of this indispensable machine is only 25*s.*, and in the amount of blades it saves repays itself double within a few months.

MUCH of the charm of really good chocolates lies in the variety and originality of their centres. There are nearly a hundred different varieties of

Maison Lyons Chocolates

to choose from, each delightful in flavour. A special preference for hard, marzipan or cream centres is catered for by the great variety in each of these kinds. Maison Lyons Chocolates have achieved their present popularity by their delicate flavour and high quality. Try just a half-pound box and you will no longer wonder why!

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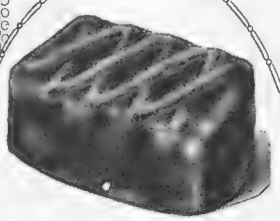

Here is an example of a chocolate with a specially pleasing centre and known as BISCUITINE. This centre consists of alternate layers of wafer biscuit and chocolate ganache.

When discussing the Annual Dinner of your Society or Regiment, remember that at the Trocadero each detail, from the floral decorations to the service, is in the hands of an expert; the result is a menage which is a surprise even to the most discerning.

The dainty decoration of Maison Lyons Chocolates is indicated by this illustration of the MONTMORENCY. This chocolate has a centre of marzipan, cherry flavoured, and whorls of chocolate on top.

J. Lyons & Co., Ltd., London, W.

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THE MOST ENJOYABLE WINTER TEMPERATURE IN EUROPE. MEAN TEMPERATURE 59°

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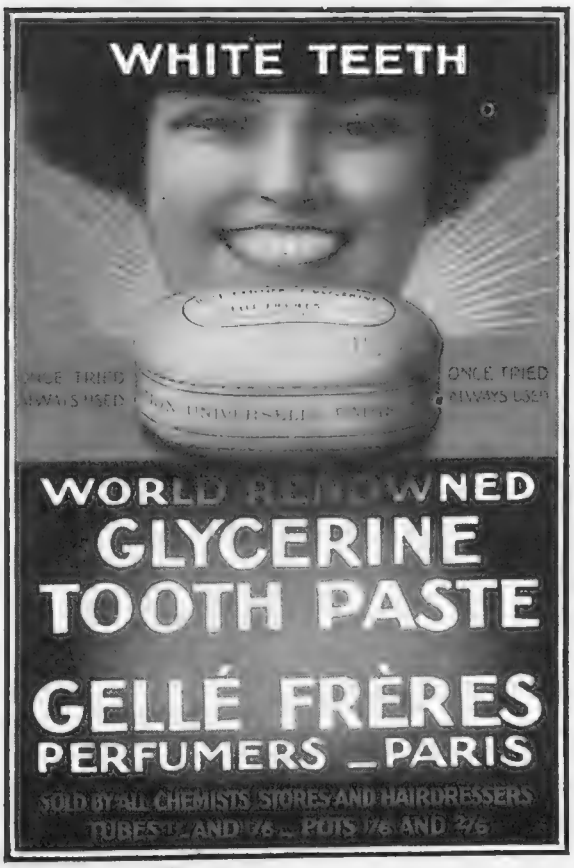

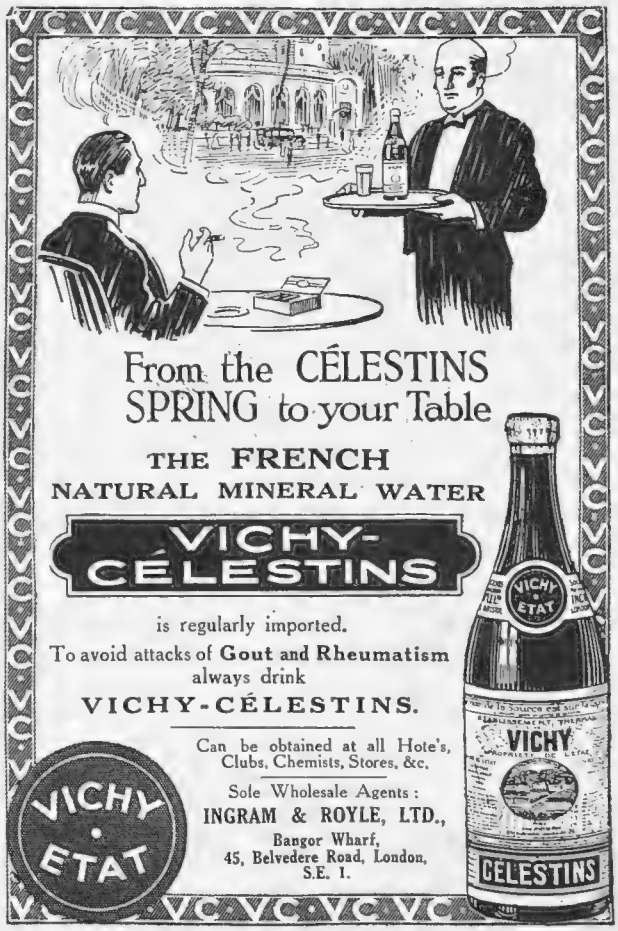

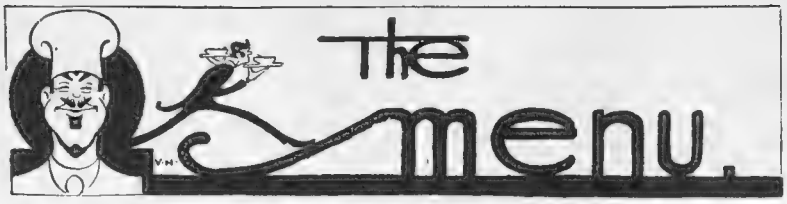

SUPPER DISHES.

LOBSTER À LA BORDELAISE
SHRIMP CHOWDER
MACARONI MINCE
SALMON IN ASPIC
BUTTERED CRAB
A CHEESE SUPPER DISH

Lobster à la Bordelaise

MELT one heaped tablespoonful of butter in a chafing-dish, and add a tablespoonful of flour, a little salt and cayenne, and stir until smooth. To this add one cupful of cream or milk and stir until hot. Then put in one cupful of lobster cut up small, and half a cupful of chopped mushrooms. Put the chafing-dish over hot water, and when the mixture is heated through add the beaten yolks of two eggs and two tablespoonfuls of sherry, and cook until the eggs are set. Serve on salted wafers.

Shrimp Chowder

Put two tablespoonfuls of finely chopped salt pork in a dish. When well fried, add one teaspoonful of chopped onion, and cook until it begins to colour. Add one teaspoonful of flour, and when mixed one and a half cupfuls of milk. As soon as thickened add a small tin of shrimps or prawns and one cupful of cold boiled potatoes cut into dice. Season well, simmer for five minutes, and serve with toast.

Macaroni Mince

Cut up any cold cooked chicken, veal or rabbit, and moisten it with a good white sauce (a spoonful of cream added to the sauce is an improvement), mix the mince with an equal quantity of cooked macaroni. Stir well together in a chafing-dish or stewpan, and pile up high in a hot dish, and serve with croûtons of fried bread.

Salmon in Aspic

Boil a piece of the middle cut of salmon, and, when done, drain it carefully, so as to keep it whole. Let it get cold, then brush the fish over with liquid aspic jelly, three or four times, but let each coating set before applying another. Place the salmon on a dish, decorate the top with small scraps of the aspic jelly, and garnish with slices of lemon and cucumber, and serve with a salad.

Buttered Crab

Slice into small pieces the flesh of a crab, and put it into a saucepan with 1 oz. of butter, and heat it slowly, then pour over and thoroughly mix with it two teaspoonfuls of vinegar and a seasoning of cayenne. Grate in a little nutmeg, and when it is hot through serve it immediately, either in the shell of the crab or in scallop shells. If preferred, breadcrumbs can be strewed over and the dish browned in the oven.

A Cheese Supper Dish

Cut ½ lb. of cheese into thin slices, put it into a saucepan with a little beer, stir over the gas until the cheese is melted, then add a seasoning of made mustard and cayenne pepper. Pour the mixture into a fireproof dish, and put under the gas deflector to brown. It will take about five minutes. Serve with thin slices of toast.

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P. 4

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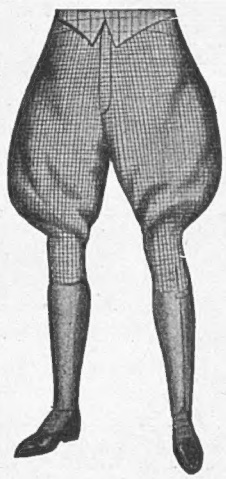

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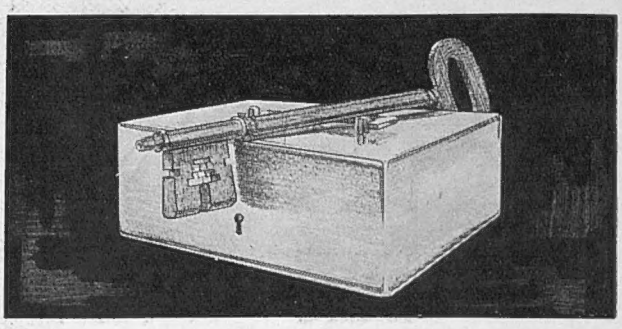

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